

HOW THE BRUINS DID IT AGAIN

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 30, 1970 60 CENTS

Wicks outrebounds Gilmore



Your next car should look this expensive and



A vintage advertisement for Chrysler cars. The main focus is a dark green and white Dodge Charger in the foreground, angled towards the viewer. Its license plate reads "PH-3421". In the background, a gold Dodge Charger is parked in front of a building with a red tiled roof. A family of four is standing near the gold car. The scene is set in a sunny, outdoor environment. The Chrysler logo and name are at the bottom.

CHRYSLER  **CHRYSLER**
DIVISION CHRYSLER CORPORATION

be priced at only \$3,986.65* this well equipped.

Newport's got over 38 inches of front head room. And over five-foot-wide front seats. Chrysler, according to Automotive News, is the roomiest car in the industry.

19 standard features in all... including heater with windshield defroster, multi-speed wipers, self-adjusting brakes, back-up lights, directional signals and anti-theft lock.

MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE LABEL

(shown pursuant to Federal law)

FINAL ASSEMBLY POINT	VEHICLE IDENT. NO.	EX. NO.
COLOR CODE YOUR CHOICE	PIN CODE YOUR CHOICE	
SHIP TO YOUR HOMETOWN		
SHIP TO YOUR DEALER		

VEHICLE CODE	DESCRIPTION	MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE
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CE41	CHRYSLER NEWPORT 4-DOOR SEDAN	\$3,514.00
E61	383 CU. IN. ENGINE 2 BBL	
D34	TORQUILFLITE TRANSMISSION	228.00
S37	POWER STEERING	117.20
R13	RADIO-GOLDEN TONE-AM	92.30
U36	H70X15 MSW TIRES FIBERGLASS-BELTED	34.55



STANDARD SAFETY FEATURES

LEFT-OUTSIDE REARVIEW MIRROR
 DAY-NIGHT REARVIEW MIRROR
 WINDSHIELD CRACK PROTECTION
 ENERGY ABSORBING STEERING COLUMN
 PASSENGER SIDE AIR BAG (SAB)
 ELECTRIC REARVIEW PANEL & SIDE MIRRORS
 LAP BELT HEIGHT & DIA. ADJUSTER
 3-POINT SEATBELT (EXCEPT SEATBELT)
 SEATBELT WITH UNLOCKED REINFORCES
 WINDSHIELD WIPERS & WASH-FLUID SYSTEM
 JUMP KEY SAFETY WARNING FLASHER
 SUN BATTER (EXCEPT SEATBELT)
 SEATBELT WITH WARNING LIGHT
 SAFETY PIN MIRROR
 BACKUP LIGHTS
 SIDE MIRROR LIGHTS AND REFLECTORS
 STRUCTURAL BEAMS WITH LAMB CHARGE FEATURE
 SELF-ADJUSTING BRAKES (STANDARD IN ALL STATES)
 OTHER STANDARD FEATURES:
 ANTI-THIEF LOCK
 THERMOSTAT & THERMIST
 SAFETY KEY WARNING FLASHER
 CLIMATE AIR SYSTEM
 SAFETY AIR SYSTEM
 TORSION BAR SUSPENSION

Or, if you'd like to go the limit, order the AM/FM Multiplex Radio with stereo tape deck. Airtemp air conditioning is another popular option; it's priced less than competitive units.

TOTAL* \$3,986.65

*TAXES AND NO SPECIAL TAXES. IF ANY, LICENSE AND TITLE FEES AND DEALER SUPPLIES AND INSTALLED OPTIONS AND ACCESSORIES ARE NOT INCLUDED. PRICE DOES NOT INCLUDE DELIVERY CHARGES, OR SPECIAL EQUIPMENT REQUIRED BY STATE LAW.

Thanks to Chrysler's engineering excellence, a two- or three-year-old Chrysler Newport is worth more at trade-in time than a comparably-equipped Olds Delmont 86, a Pontiac Catalina, or a Mercury Monterey, based upon current Automotive Market Reports.

The price of our Newport 4-Door Sedan equipped with the four most popular options. Also, the big 383 cubic inch 290 horsepower V-8 which runs on money-saving regular gas.

You can get quiet rides with other cars, but with Chrysler cars you get the ideal combination of quietness, stability, and control... all from the blending of torsion-bar suspension, unitbody construction and Sound Isolation System.

Your next car: Chrysler

with Torsion-Quiet Ride

Our new portable radio plays FM, AM and W.C. Fields movies.

We designed an FM/AM radio that not only lets you listen. But lets you look. Because when you press the top of the set, out pops a TV screen.

Why pop-up? Because it can pop down. To make portable TV as compact and as portable as a portable radio. And when you're not looking at the screen, you can keep it inside the radio—safe from dust and scratches.

This TV has something else going for it that you can't see. The batteries. We put them inside. So unlike most other portable TVs, you don't have to lug a separate, bulky battery pack around. Or lay out an extra

thirty to forty dollars. Because Panasonic includes the batteries in the price of the set. Special Panasonic batteries that are almost twice as rechargeable and last almost twice as long as the bulky monsters other portables still have to use.

At home, work the set off house current. And save the batteries for the backyard or beach. Where a snap-on sun hood keeps your picture from getting sunstroke.

Put the TV back into hiding and let the music out. FM or AM. Both sound big and beautiful through an oversized speaker or the private earphone.

And as you can see, there's more than one Panasonic TV with the batteries inside. Even one that fits right in the palm of your hand. See them at any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. Including the "Pandora," Model TR-425R. The one new portable radio you'll want to keep an eye on.



© Universal Pictures
TV Reception Simulated

PANASONIC.
Just slightly ahead of our time.

235 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-0000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call. Ask about Model TR-425R.

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Credits on page 70

Next week

MASTERS AMATEURS hold the spotlight in Dan Jenkins' preview of the 1970 tournament, and Curry Kirkpatrick details the trials of a young Texan on his first visit to Augusta.

RIP TENNIS BALLS wonder! Best take-charge blaster! A new breed of wildcat! So promises Joe Wender, who has replaced brawny Charles Atlas as the world's biggest bodybuilder.

FEEL UNLOVED? Try running the Boston Marathon, says Author Hal Higdon, who has competed in eight of the grinds and is an expert on the pains, the joys and the many aches.

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Buy Goodyear for mileage. they're on so

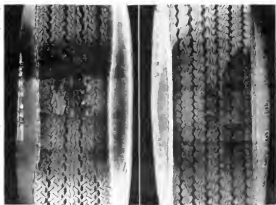
Long mileage is one of the big reasons why Goodyear's Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire is standard or optional equipment on most 1970 car models.

How do they get that mileage? They fight squirm.

When a tire rolls, with the weight of your car on it, the tread grooves tend to squeeze together as they meet the road. All the time the tire is rolling, the grooves are closing when they meet the ground and opening as they leave. So the tread squirms — scrubbing itself away against the pavement.

A conventional bias-ply tire has no way to resist that squirming, but a Goodyear Polyglas tire has two tough fiberglass belts underneath the tread to reinforce it. These belts act like hoops around the tire and hold the tread firm to help fight squirm.

That's why they give you better tread mileage.



CONVENTIONAL 2-PLY TIRE

POLYGLAS TIRE

This is a photograph of a conventional bias-ply tire rolling over a sheet of glass. Look at the squirm. The tread grooves close up and the shoulders curve inward. There is more tread wear and less traction.

This Polyglas tire is rolling over the same sheet of glass — is the bias-ply tire on the left. As you can see, the tread grooves stay open and the shoulders are straighter. So there is less tread wear and more traction.

Du Pont TEDLAR®:

House siding will never be the same.

1. We call TEDLAR® revolutionary. It's a different approach to finishing house siding. And it gives siding a tough, beautiful, carefree finish that will last for decades. TEDLAR isn't a liquid or a spray, like ordinary finishes. It's a solid sheet of amazingly tough vinyl fluoride plastic. (If you'd like to see TEDLAR, we'll send you a free sample.)

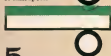


4. One of the jobs that TEDLAR performs better is fade resistance. It's 8-10 times more resistant to fading than oil-based house paint, and 3-4 times more so than ordinary baked-enamel finishes. Thus, the broad range of TEDLAR colors stay new and fresh-looking decades longer.



7. TEDLAR is so tough it practically takes care of itself. It will, for example, absorb severe impact without cracking or shattering—even at sub-zero temperatures

2. The solid sheet of TEDLAR, manufactured and tested by Du Pont, is bonded to the siding material by the siding manufacturer. Because TEDLAR is laminated to the siding as a solid sheet, its tough protection and beauty are uniform at every point on the siding. In other words, no pinholes or thin spots.



5. TEDLAR is amazingly resistant to weathering and erosion. It's unaffected by solvents, acids, caustics, industrial fumes, boiling heat or sub-zero cold. And it won't chip, crack, peel or blister.



8. This Seal of Quality is your assurance that the finish on the siding is Du Pont TEDLAR and that it has been applied in accordance with a Du Pont-approved process. Look for it when you buy house siding and buy with confidence.

If you would like to know more about the revolutionary low maintenance, long-lasting beauty and paint-free economy of TEDLAR, write for free sample and booklet: Du Pont Company, Room 8648, Wilmington, Delaware 19898.



TEDLAR®

The solid sheet vinyl fluoride finish for pre-finished house siding.



3. TEDLAR is designed to perform only one function—to provide protection. The job of permanently bonding the TEDLAR to the siding is done by space-age adhesives specially developed by Du Pont research. This two-part system—TEDLAR and adhesive—allows each to do its job better, thus giving you more reliable, trouble-free performance.

6. Nothing can permanently stain TEDLAR. So it's very easy to keep clean—even mildew wipes off with a damp cloth.



*Du Pont registered trademark



The performance stop

What is it?

PHILLIPS

66

We thought you'd never ask. It's where you go for a motor oil with a detergent so good it's patented. For a battery with 29% more cranking power than most original-equipment batteries its size. For a tire designed to run cooler, and run longer, than any tire we've ever sold. And for *the* high-performance gasoline—Phillips Flite-Fuel. In short, it's where you go for the high-performance products today's cars need—the Phillips 66 station nearest you.

At Phillips 66 it's performance that counts

NEW **A-1** FORE 'N AFT SLACKS

Taking the fashion lead with KODEL.

The Action Man Slacks take the fashion lead with new A-1 FORE 'N AFT® slacks with KODEL polyester. Button front, smartly flared, hidden pockets fore and aft put A-1 FORE 'N AFT® slacks out front in fashion! A-1 FORE 'N AFT® slacks in no-iron fabrics of 50% Kodel polyester and 50% cotton. Solids and stripes, \$8.00.



A-1 THE ACTION MAN SLACKS
A-1 KOTZIN 1300 Sanjee Street Los Angeles, California 90015

copyright 1979-A-1 Kotel Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

KODEL

BOOKTALK

London's Ladbroke's will take wagers on anything, but most particularly on horses

If you are the sort of chap who lives in London and keeps chambers in Albany, who patronizes a Savile Row tailor, buys groceries from Fortnum & Mason's, guns from Purdey's and fishing tackle from Hardy's, there is really only one place you can make your bets—Ladbroke's, the Top People's bookie.

In *The Ladbroke Story* (Pelham Books, London, £2.10s.), Richard Kaye, an ex-director of the firm, tells of the riotous past and multimillion-pound present of the world's largest bookmakers. (William Hill of London also claims to be the largest but will not prove it.) On an average racing day 4,000 or 5,000 bets will be called in to the 300 phones in the betting room; the average daily turnover will be around £200,000, or half a million dollars. A national chain of 430 (legal) betting shops and half a dozen Ladbroke's bookies taking cash at the track add to the general activity.

All telephone calls to Ladbroke's are put through one machine that can record 44 conversations at a time. (It has to be speeded up on Derby Day.) Only occasionally does a client dispute a telephoned bet and have to be invited to the offices at Ganton Street to hear what he said. Monday is the normal settling day for the previous week's transactions, but there was one distinguished client who settled 10 years late and then continued betting as if nothing had happened.

Although Ladbroke's grew up on horse-race betting, they are now known as the people who will take bets on anything. ("Except," says Kaye, "on anything involving suffering or tragedy like whether a new bridge would collapse—or on the papal elections.") Ladbroke's get involved to the tune of millions over the British, French and American elections. Tycoons, who stand to lose in business if Labor gets elected, will back Labor to win, thus coming out on the right side of any result. Maxwell Joseph, the property millionaire, had £32,272 to £50,000 on Labor in 1964 and won. Ladbroke's has also taken bets on moon landings, on cross-channel swims and on who would be elected professor of poetry at Oxford. An Australian father of a baby daughter asked for odds against the child becoming Wimbledon singles champion before she reached 26 years of age. Since no form was known, Ladbroke's laid him £10,000 to £1.

Who, everyone asks, was Mr. Ladbroke, the primeval genius of a gambler who started the whole thing in 1902? There never was one. Arthur Bendir, the founder of the firm, merely saw the name Ladbroke on a signpost and thought it looked sound and, somehow, confident, comforting. He seems to have been right.

—J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

Polyglas tires

You'll see why

many 1970 cars.

Better grip, too.

When tread grooves stay open, the tread grips better. Especially in the wet. So you'll feel the difference when you brake and when you corner.

We tested the Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire (the one that comes on so many 1970 models) against our conventional 2-ply Power Cushion tire. We put them on identical cars on a wet road. Then we braked them from 45 mph. The Polyglas tires cut 32 feet off the stop-

ping distance. Almost two car lengths. Could make all the difference.

51 million test miles.

The things we do on our Texas Proving Grounds just shouldn't happen to a tire. Polyglas tires have run 40 million test miles there—and another 11 million on laboratory test wheels.

Since 1967, when we started selling Polyglas tires, they've run *billions* of miles on automobiles all over America. You never saw so many satisfied customers.

If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.

If you want to get the benefit of all this testing and experience, make sure you get Polyglas tires and nothing else. Look for the name on the sidewall. Polyglas is a registered Goodyear trademark.

What do they cost?

The seven types of Polyglas tires now made by Goodyear range from \$35 to \$71 a tire. (Tax included—plus your old tire as a trade-in. These

are Goodyear Service Store prices. Tires are competitively priced at Goodyear dealers.)

Which Polyglas tire you choose depends on your needs. (For example, the Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire can give you up to 40,000 miles of wear, depending on your driving habits and the condition of your car.)

Like more facts?

A fact booklet about the testing behind the Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tire is available. Just write to Goodyear, Dept. 805R, Akron, Ohio 44316.



We've run these tires in our laboratories at exaggerated speeds (under rated conditions) so you can see how bad tread squirm can get. The heavily tire (on the left) is badly distorted. The Polyglas tire is doing fine. That's how much difference the fiberglass belts on the Polyglas tires can make.



GOODYEAR

Polyglas, Custom Power Cushion, Uniroyal, Uniroyal, Uniroyal© 1970 Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

One day we count chickens. The next day we make hay.



We're synergistic. How do you keep track of 3 1/2 million active chickens? One of our customers uses our UNIVAC 9200 Computer. This management system not only helps him run his business but even figures the cost of raising a bird to within four decimal points.

And farmers all the world over use our New Holland bale wagons which can handle up to 2,500 bales a day. That's a lot of hay.

We do a lot of things at Sperry Rand. And we do each one better because we do all the rest.



SPERRY RAND™

Wait till you see
what we do tomorrow.

NEW HOLLAND • REMINGTON • REMINGTON RAND • SPERRY • UNIVAC • VICKERS

Registered trademarks of Sperry Rand

We do something they don't do.



We put our imported Canadian O.F.C. in a sparkling Dominion teardrop bottle. All year round. They don't.

We seal it with a cork. Like vintage wine. Rare brandy. They don't.

We taste-test it 120 times a day. Before it's barrelled. During blending.

Our mellow, imported Canadian is something special. From the top, down.

And that's something worth remembering.

Blended Canadian Whisky. Distilled, taste-tested, bottled and corked in Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada.
6 years old. 86.8 proof. © Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

AN AMAZINGLY RAPID AND EFFECTIVE WAISTLINE REDUCER

The Incredible New...

SAUNA BELT

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

SAUNA BELT—the first really new idea in slenderizing in years produces sensationally rapid results in reducing the waistline—for men or women—and without the need for dieting. Unbelievable results like these—results which speak for themselves:

Mr. Dick Becker, Clarkston, Wash.:
"I lost 115 inches from my waistline the first time I used the Sauna Belt—and 4 inches after only 10 days. I feel great and my clothes fit so much better."

Mr. Karl Haggblad, Dear Park, N.J.: Always a great skeptic—for the first time a product did what it claimed. Using the Sauna Belt twice in one week, I lost 25½ inches from my waistline. A "Blue Ribbon" for Sauna Belt.

Mr. S. Vaccaro, San Francisco, Calif.:

"From a 36 inch waist to almost a 32 inch waist by using the Sauna Belt for just one week—Thanks!"

WHAT IS THIS SENSATIONAL NEW "SAUNA BELT"? The Sauna Belt is made from a special nonporous plastic material. It is completely different from any other belt on the market that makes waist reducing claims. The Sauna Belt is placed around your waist, directly against the body, and then by use of the special tube provided, the belt is inflated—just like blowing up a balloon. As the belt is inflated it will tighten itself around your waist and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warmth and support throughout your waistline and lower back. After the belt is in place and inflated, you will then perform the two "magic" waistline reducing exercises specifically designed for use with this remarkable belt. This will take just a few minutes and then you will

relax, while leaving the belt in place on your waist, for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. This inflated belt is specially designed to provide resistance to the movements and to provide heat and supporting pressure to every area of your waist—back, front and sides—and when you remove the belt—will be a tighter, firmer waistline from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.

NOW LONG MUST I USE THE SAUNA BELT? That depends on your goals—how many inches you want to lose from your waistline and the rate at which your body responds. Each person's body makeup is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use this belt for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get the belt and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for waistline maintenance, you can use the belt about twice a month, or as often as you feel the need. Many, many people lose an inch or more the very first day they use the belt. There are those who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines from just one session with this "magic" belt. The results from the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, but whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you with this belt, remember this: You must lose from 1 to 3 inches from your waistline in just 3 days or you may return the belt and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT... AND THE PRICE IS ONLY \$9.95. Nothing else that we have tested nothing else that we have used, nothing else that we know of can give the sensationally rapid results in reducing the waistline as does the incredible new Sauna Belt.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt is the fastest, surest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective waistline reducer ever discovered that we offer this extraordinary money back guarantee. Men or women, if your waistline is not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt for only 3 days, you may simply return the belt to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question. So if you want a trimmer, slimmer, tighter waistline and you want it now—send for your Sauna Belt today and discover what a remarkable difference it can make in the way you look and the way you feel. It will be the best investment in your appearance you will ever make.



1. Slip the belt around your waist—inflated—and you are ready to do your two "magic" waist-reducing exercises: 5 to 10 minutes.

2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist.

3. Then remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many persons have lost an inch or more the very first day.

© SAUNA BELT INC., P.O. BOX 3584, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119

SAUNA BELT INC., P.O. BOX 3584, Dept. B-1, San Francisco, CA 94119
Please send me—Sauna Belt along with complete easy-to-use instructions, including the two "magic" reducing exercises, illustrated. I do not want to lose 1 to 3 inches from my waistline in just 3 days or I can return the belt to Sauna Belt, Inc., and receive my money back.
For each Sauna Belt and complete instructions I enclose \$9.95.
Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ (No COD's)
Mon. ☐ Wed. ☐ Fri. ☐ Sat. ☐ Sun. ☐ Woman: waist size _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

We honor these pros.

Our special congratulations go to these Penn Mutual Quality Award winners. They achieved this honor by making sure that the more than one million dollars of new life insurance they developed for their clients last year will continue to provide needed protection—just as was planned.

Much thought and effort go into their initial planning... special care to discover their

clients' needs... special attention to make each individual program not merely adequate but precise. Maintaining these programs is a key part of their job.

Their clients are glad to put their confidence in such pros. We're sure you'd feel the same way.

Others who earned the Penn Mutual Quality Award are being honored in copies of Sports Illustrated circulated in other parts of the country.



Norman L. Annan
Omaha



Clarence L. Arnold
August, Minn.



Robert D. Beadles, CLU
Deerart, Ill.



James H. Borg
Metairie-St. Paul



John G. Brandon
Peoria



John J. Joy, Jr., CLU
Chicago



Norman E. Kattner, Jr.
St. Louis



Kenneth L. Keel, CLU
Springfield, Ill.



John D. Kennedy, Jr.
Kansas City



Ronald J. Klein
Cincinnati



Joseph K. Lugs
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Robert A. Margolis
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G. Charles Misher
Wichita



Waverly E. Rose
Kansas City



William G. Schmidt
Chicago



Roy D. Simon, CLU
Chicago



Guy D. Sirevey, CLU
Omaha

So do their clients.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. • Founded 1847

Life and Health Insurance • Annuities • Pension
and Profit-Sharing Plans • Complete Group Coverage

Back of Your
Independence Stands
the Penn Mutual



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Aurora, Ill.



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Frank A. Limbocker, CLU
Wichita



Robert Lott, CLU
Chicago



Charles Nibbelts, Jr.
Minneapolis-St. Paul



Colgan Norman, CLU
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G. Milford Peterson
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Frank R. Philpott
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Ned Rickett, CLU
Crawfordville, Ind.



Raymond R. Thomas
Chicago



Stephen J. Timme
Indianapolis



Charles B. Webber, CLU
Minneapolis-St. Paul



John B. Williams, Jr., CLU
Peoria

COLLEGE HALL GOES ARNEL

For sportcoats that talk today's fashion. They say you're assertive, aware and young. And they say it in Arnel triacetate and cotton. Shaped houndstooth in blue, tan or red, about \$55. Double-breasted stripes in navy/white, olive/white, light blue/white, about \$60. Both with a natural shoulder fit that talks a fashion point—but never shouts. For the store nearest you write College Hall Fashions, 1290 Ave. of Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

CELANESE ARNEL
A Celanese Fashion Fiber in Tested Fabrics



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREANER

MY OLD KENTUCKY SCORENO

Calumet Farm's Sunny Tim established himself as one of the best 3-year-old colts in the country when he won the Bay Shore Stakes in New York last Saturday, but don't start thinking of him as a likely choice to win the Kentucky Derby. He won't be there. Calumet's owner, Mrs. Gene Markey, refused to nominate Sunny Tim to the Derby after stating in 1968 that she would never again run a horse in Kentucky until the Forward Pass-Dancer's Image mess was cleared up (the winner's share of the 1968 Derby is still in escrow, though it is two years since Calumet's Forward Pass was awarded the purse three days after Dancer's Image, supposedly dosed with Butazolidin, beat him). Mrs. Markey not only won't race in Kentucky, she will not even visit her house in Lexington during the spring meeting at Keeneland. "I shall miss the dogwood," she said the other day, "but not the racing."

The Calumet boycott is significant. The stable has won the Derby seven undisputed times—Sunny Tim's sire is Tim Tam, Calumet's 1958 Derby winner—and its deliberate absence from Louisville this Derby Day will be a telling blow to the race's prestige.

IN LIVING BLACK AND WHITE

Louisiana Tech, home school of Terry Bradshaw, is virtually all white, while Grambling College, home school of a host of pro football stars (nine were drafted this time), is just about all black. Yet the two institutions, located five miles apart in the rolling hills of northern Louisiana, appear to be a stimulating example of interracial harmony. The schools cooperate academically and athletically. They exchange classes and professors, and a student of one can enroll in a course at the other for no additional fee. The baseball and basketball teams practice against one another, and Louisiana Tech's president, F. Jay Taylor, says, "We're going to play each other formal-

ly soon, though right now they'd be pretty strong for us in football."

Grambling's president, who has held the post for the past 34 years, is Ralph Waldo Emerson Jones, known as Prez to students and teachers on both campuses. Prez was Grambling's first football coach and remains its first and only baseball coach. He mutated Grambling's now impressive athletic program, started its nationally known marching band, taught math, physics and chemistry, served as registrar and dean of men and even wrote the Grambling school song. The other day Louisiana Tech honored President Jones by awarding him the fourth honorary degree the school has conferred in its 75-year-old history. As the ceremony was ending the Grambling president could be faintly heard singing Louisiana Tech's school song. His counterpart, President Taylor, said, "Sing out, Prez. This is your alma mater, too, now."

LEGAL NOTE

Before his case gets into court, Curt Flood might check into the revised labor laws in Mexico, which become effective on May 1. Under them, a baseball player cannot be forced to switch clubs without his permission. And, if he wants to, a player can take one day off a week.

READ ALL ABOUT IT

A new publication called *Earth Times*, militantly outspoken on ecology and conservation, is upon us. It is fairly ugly in itself (cheaply printed, it favors jammed-up layouts and a sickly green ink on its cover page), but in its defense of the environment it is beautifully blunt and tough. If there is a lingering stereotype of the conservationist as a falsetto-voiced birdwatcher, *Earth Times* dispels it with headlines like IF THEY TRY TO SPRAY, WE'LL SHOOT THEM DOWN AND SEWAGE IN THE SURF AT WAIKIKI AND GEORGIA UNDERGROUND RAISES STINK. A few of the items mistake bombast for fact, and the prose gets a little

confused at times—"It's becoming more clear (it always has been) . . ." says an editorial—but most of the material is briskly written and impressively documented, particularly a report on the effect of helicopter-borne defoliant sprays in Arizona. You might take a look at *Earth Times*. It is published in San Francisco, but in a very real way it's your local paper.

VICE DEAN

Now don't take this one too seriously, but we are told that at the University of Chicago recently a group of 147 men and women calling themselves the Students for Violent Non-Action took over the university pool for a nude swim-in. James W. Vice (interesting name, that), assistant dean of students, came by to observe. "I just walked over to see what was going on," he is reported to have



said, "It was all very good-natured." Asked if any school regulations had been broken, the assistant dean replied, "We never thought of making a rule against anything like this."

IN PLAIN SIGHT

Maybe Chicago isn't too concerned about free-form swimming, but New Mexico is. Officials of the Santa Fe National Forest have been receiving complaints from tourists, campers and fishermen that "hippie types" have been bathing nude in plain sight of New Mexico Highway 4. A forest ranger has dutifully met with leaders of the Hog Farm Commune and asked them if they could talk to the swimmers and persuade them

continued



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Hand Blended in Holland

SCORECARD - continued

to cease and desist, at least when tourists are around. A statement read, "The Forest Service recognizes your people as ordinary citizens. You are entitled to equal privileges and benefits under the law. You have no additional privileges and benefits over other citizens, nor do other citizens have privileges that you do not have. . . . It is our desire that you communicate with your segment of society and help us govern their acting in order that clashes with other segments may be avoided."

It seemed a fair and reasonable approach, but it could lead to an embarrassing future for the Forest Service. If combating nude bathing becomes a prime duty of the rangers, that shaggy, fire-fighting symbol of forest life may have to be renamed Smokey Bare.

IRISH IMMIGRANT

The Irish are in a bit of a flap. Sir Ivor, the winner of the 1968 Laurel International as the representative of the Ould Sod, is an American-bred colt that was sold as a yearling to Raymond Guest, then the U.S. Ambassador to Ireland. Guest took the horse abroad with him and raced him in Europe with signal success. After Sir Ivor's victory in the International, the Ambassador announced that the horse would be retired and would first stand at stud in Ireland, rather than in the U.S., as a gesture of Guest's appreciation for the splendid treatment he and Sir Ivor had received over there.

It was not entirely a gesture, of course. Sir Ivor's stud fee this year is 8,000 guineas (\$20,000), nearly three times the highest previous European stud fee. Still it was a boon for Ireland and for European racing, and the first crop of foals seems exceptionally promising.

But now American interests, reportedly headed by A. B. (Bull) Hancock Jr. of Kentucky's highly successful Claiborne Farm, are after Guest to pick it up in Ireland and bring Sir Ivor back to the U.S., which he had originally promised to do after one year. Guest, busy watching another prize of his, L'Escargot, win the Gold Cup at Cheltenham in England, has said nothing publicly, but the Irish fear that the horse will be leaving in July, at the end of this stud season, and they bitterly hate to see him go. The breeding and exporting of thoroughbred horses is an important part of the Irish economy.

"We need him badly, whereas he will be only one of two dozen stallions with Hancock," said one Irish horseman, and added wistfully, "If we could keep him here for another five years it wouldn't be too bad. His foals are so lovely."

DEFINING THE SPECIES

A New Mexico football fan proposes that the restructured National Football League forget its two conferences and realign itself into five groups, as follows:

COWBOY-AND-INDIAN DIVISION—Cowboys, Broncos, Colts, Chiefs and Redskins.

BLAZE-COLLAR DIVISION—Oilers, Packers, Steelers, 49ers and Bills.

WAR-AND-PEACE DIVISION—Raiders, Patriots, Vikings, Chargers and Giants.

ANIMAL DIVISION—Lions, Rams, Bears, Bengals, Dolphins and Browns.

AIRBORNE DIVISION—Jets, Eagles, Falcons, Cardinals and Saints.

COLD ICE WAR

The news that Russia beat the Czechs 3-1 in the World Hockey Championship at Stockholm last week was routine enough. In fact, all it seemed to prove is last year's ideological battle is this year's no-no. When the Czechs won a year ago, the victory touched off wild anti-Russian demonstrations in occupied Prague, but this time that beleaguered city was firmly buttoned down to prevent new violence. As any Communist politician might have predicted, the game started up no trouble in Prague.

At Stockholm, although partisans in the crowd did their bit with catcalls, boos, taunts and overloud singing, the game itself was almost polite. Swedish Columnist Sven Delblanc found it all too ironic. "The match was so lacking in ideological interest that it degenerated into just another duel between two teams," he wrote. Then Delblanc suggested that since Russia now seems to be accepted as just another tough opponent in world hockey, maybe a team of Maoists is needed to stir up the scene and put new zest into the game.

MAINE FRENZY

Hockey is zesty enough at Bowdoin College in Maine, where the school's arena was filled to the brim well before the big game with Colby (Bowdoin won 4-2, to the utter delight of its fans). More than 500 ticket seekers were turned away,

and the disgruntled among them smashed windows and broke into the generator room in an effort to worm their way into the arena. The most unreconciled ticketless fan was a middle-aged woman who was discovered climbing through a broken window in one of the dressing rooms. If she were in Prague, she'd still be throwing rocks at tanks.

STRIKE BY MAIL

The U.S. Post Office wasn't having enough trouble last week, so John Jardine, new football coach at the University of Wisconsin, announced that he was asking postal and law enforcement authorities to investigate a mail campaign "obviously intended to prevent young football players from attending Wisconsin." Jardine said seven high school players had received letters about student unrest at Wisconsin, along with comments like, "You ought to be careful about thinking of coming to the university," and, "if you come to Wisconsin, you're going to be sorry."

The letters were believed to be the work of one man, but Jardine had no idea of his identity. "Whoever it is," he said, "is a little sick." And whatever the odd letter-writer's reasons were, his play was not successful. "Every kid who got one of those letters has signed with us," Jardine said.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Gibson, St. Louis Cardinals' star pitcher, who speaks his mind: "Too many people think an athlete's life can be an open book. You're supposed to be an example. Why do I have to be an example for your kid? You be an example for your own kid. The newspapermen come around and want to know about your private life. They say the public wants to know. Hell, I think just *they* want to know. You might get 100,000 people out to see a game someday, but you wouldn't get 15 come to hear what I did last night."

- Toni Beckham, pretty girl basketball player, after receiving more than 20 recruiting letters from colleges: "I don't understand how anyone could mistake me for a boy, unless it's because of my long hair."

- Stan Musial, asked how he would have done against the yellow-tinted baseball used experimentally in spring training: "You'd wonder where the yellow went."

END



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VICTORY BY MYSTIQUE

That special aura of success surrounding UCLA basketball—the achievement of John Wooden—surely did not hinder the Bruins at College Park, but the champions earned their glory and their title **by JOE JARES**

The legend of the Jacksonville Dolphins grew all through the season. This was the college basketball team with not one but two 7-footers, and a fine scorer out of the funny papers named Rex Morgan. It was the team with no training rules and a young coach, Joe Williams, who scribbled scouting reports on the backs of envelopes, the team that stopped off in Hawaii and New Orleans for a little relaxation while running up a 23-1 record.

Jacksonville's good times were supposed to end in the NCAA tournament's toughest regional round, the Midwest, but the experts reckoned without Joe Williams' white, double-breasted, lucky sportcoat. For his 36th birthday his players gave him a gift certificate and he bought the coat because he thought "Artis would like it," and what? 7' 2" Artis Gilmore likes, Joe likes. Besides, as one friend pointed out, if the Dolphins were losing, Joe could always back up into the stands with that jacket and pretend he was a peanut vendor.

Between Artis and the jacket, Jacksonville beat Western Kentucky, Iowa and Kentucky in the regionals, got by St. Bonaventure in the semifinals (the Bonnies played without their injured star, Bob Lanier) and last Saturday found itself at College Park, Md. in the NCAA finals. There the jacket and Artis ran out of magic. The reason—of course, as always, inevitably—was

UCLA. In a game marked by the extraordinary talents of Sidney Wicks, the Bruins beat the Dolphins 80-69 for their fourth title in a row and their sixth in seven years.

Yes, out of the 225 teams eligible for the championship, it was UCLA once again, without Lew Alcindor this time, but still with the best-looking uniforms and pompon girls, the best team and the best coach, John Robert Wooden, 23 years older than Joe Williams.

"My wife Nell was saying before the season started that maybe this year we could go back to the coaches' convent on and the Nationals and just relax," said Wooden. "Without any pressure at all. It didn't turn out that way, but of course I didn't really want it to."

If Nell didn't get to relax, at least she will have more bric-a-brac to put in the little museum she has set up in the Woodens' apartment in Santa Monica. This season John was named Coach of the Year by AP, UPI, the Coaches' Association and the basketball writers, not to mention Joe Williams, and those plaques will have to be squeezed in among umpteen Coach of the Year awards from past years and trophies proclaiming him California Father of the Year and King of the Morgan County Fall Foliage Festival.

The pressure wasn't really all that severe, either. UCLA beat Cal State Long Beach by 23 and Utah State by 22 in

the West Regional. Then, after Jacksonville's flat, unimpressive win over crippled St. Bonaventure last Thursday night, UCLA had to get through what was supposed to be a difficult semifinal against New Mexico State. The previous two years the Aggies had been in the West Regional and were eliminated by UCLA. This year they got smart or lucky and detoured to the Nationals by way of the Midwest Regional, hoping for a chance to get up some steam. "It's a grudge thing with us," said Guard Jimmy Collins. "I feel we've got our momentum going now, so maybe it's our turn to win."

It wasn't. Collins shot nicely (28 points) but his team stood around too much and the Aggie front line only matched the size but not the quickness of UCLA's 6' 8" Wicks, 6' 9" Steve Patterson and 6' 6" Curtis Rowe. The Bruins won 93-77.

"You get a complex after a while," said the frustrated Aggie coach, Lou Henson. Asked about the Bruins' alleged mystique, Jacksonville's Williams said, "If anybody has a mystique, it's Coach Wooden." Even today, Henson and Williams could comfort themselves a little by noting that Wooden's teams lost nine of their first 12 NCAA tournament games. As recently as 1963 Arizona State

roundout

Neely turning the corner, John Valley drives by Jacksonville's Chip Dabbin of the breakers.





beat the Bruins by 14 points. Of course, they haven't lost many since.

Last Friday was a day of rest and rumor: Artis Gilmore earned \$75 a day as a Jacksonville playground instructor last summer (true); UCLA is going to get that tall white kid out of San Diego, Bill Walton (probably true). It was also a day for Coach Lefty Driesell of the host University of Maryland (whose ambition it is to make his school "the UCLA of the East") to announce the signing of two New York City high-school stars. Lefty's press conference upstaged the team workouts at Cole Field House, workouts that illustrated some of the differences in philosophy between Wooden and Williams. Jacksonville was supposed to have the floor from 3 to 4 in the afternoon and its players struggled in late. Then they put on their Harlem Globetrotter warmup routine, which Joe allowed them to work up themselves. The Bruins sat in the front row and watched with amusement, Patterson saying facetiously, "Greatest thing I ever saw."

UCLA took the floor precisely at 4 o'clock and went through a drill devised by Wooden but there was no Prussian-style regimentation. Wooden passed out jelly beans to the writers and asked Patterson, "Steve, you ever have any practice against a 7-footer?" The ex-backup man for Big Lew allowed as how he had.

There were some good omeners for Jacksonville. The last time the NCAA finals were held in College Park, a little-known independent, Texas at El Paso, defeated a prestige basketball school, Kentucky. Jacksonville was assigned to the same motel where UTEP once slept, just up the street from the Maryland campus. In the motel lobby Gilmore showed how nervous and anxious he was about the whole event. Some of his teammates were late gathering for the first practice on Wednesday, so he plopped into an armchair and fell asleep.

Although not all the Dolphins were as relaxed as Artis, the UCLA players were even less so. Unable to sleep the night before the championship, Wicks and Rowe went out at 2 a.m. to get sandwich makings and sat up most of the

Wicks blocking Gilmore's shot and Patterson controlling a rebound were in the chaos of events leading to Williams' salute to Wooden.

night talking with Henry Bibby, John Vallely and two subs. Then they all slept through most of the morning.

Jacksonville filled its allotted 1,000 seats with folks from Florida wearing "JU can do" badges. It used to be that the Dolphins couldn't even get a thousand people to watch games at home in Swisher Gym. UCLA not only had its cute pompon girls and 1,000 fans but all the rooters from St. Bonaventure, who felt their boys had been rooked by the officials in the game against Jacksonville and who persisted in calling the Dolphins tunas, as in "You're a tuna, Gilmore. You're a stiff."

Wooden waited until just before the game to tell Wicks he was guarding Gilmore, who is so tall that he can stand flat-footed and touch the rim with the ball. "I thought I was going to guard anybody but him," said Sidney. The original strategy was for Wicks to stay at Gilmore's side, like a Siamese twin, while the other Bruins pressured the passers. It didn't work. Artis scored three times from in close the never scores from anywhere else; and Jacksonville had a quick eight-point lead, 14-6, when UCLA finally woke up enough to call time out.

Wooden moved Wicks around behind Gilmore and had Patterson and others ease off their own men a little to help out. "If Gilmore did get it inside," said Wooden later, "it would be in close quarters and difficult for him to get the shot. With men all around you with their hands up, it's just not that easy."

The important hands belonged to Wicks, "the most intimidating man in basketball," according to one West Coast coach. Gilmore had replaced Alcindor as the premier shot-blocker in the country, but Wicks, giving away six inches, blocked Artis' shots four times. "I couldn't move him no kinda way," said Sidney, whose famous glare did not have much effect, possibly because it only reached Gilmore's collarbone. "So I tried to make him get the ball six or seven feet from the basket and I'd back off him. Then I had room to jump between him and the hoop."

It's hard to say whether Wicks' defense intimidated Gilmore, but for whatever reason Artis had a horrible shooting night—nine for 29—and was out-rebounded by Sidney 18 to 16.

Playing better defense and keeping their poise, the Bruins fought back to a small lead on clever fast breaks and the

shooting of Vallely and Rowe. With a sudden spurt in the last minutes, they left the floor at halftime ahead 41-36, despite 14 turnovers and an excellent defensive job on Bibby by JU's little Vaughn Wedeking.

"We knew the first couple of minutes of the second half would determine the outcome," said Patterson. "They were down by five and could catch us, or we could move out by 10. We moved out. They weren't used to playing behind teams—they don't play the kind of rough schedule we do. I think Gilmore was surprised to see a 6' 8" guy go up and block his shot, but I've never seen anybody better than Sidney this year."

Gilmore missed his first five shots of the second half and the Bruins steadily increased their lead to eight, 11, 16 points. Joe Williams and his assistant, Tom Wasdin, took it calmly when the game was obviously lost. They did not try to fade into the stands disguised as peanut vendors. When Gilmore fouled out with 1:50 left, Wooden ran in his subs and the final margin was 11 points. UCLA not only won the point battle against the country's tallest team but the rebound battle, too—50-38.

Gilmore's below-par performance should not be repeated next year because he is a good athlete and no tuna. He is only a junior and he did not have the good high-school coaching or competition that some other giants, notably Alcindor, had. Wedeking and Artis and the other 7-footer, Pembroke Burrows III, will return for Jacksonville, too. The trouble is that guess who will be right there waiting. Yep. Inevitably. For UCLA loves only Vallely. The 1971 title game could be between the same schools (Wicks vs. Gilmore again) and this time it will pack the Astrodome. The one question mark may well be the attitude of the Bruin juniors—Wicks, Rowe and Patterson—who already feel they have proved themselves. "Everybody was looking forward to playing without Lew," said Rowe in the crowded UCLA locker room. "Right now if Alcindor was on the team who would the reporters be talking to? Look around the room—the reporters are with five people and that's beautiful."

"Every time somebody mentions the three in a row they say Lew did it. Now we just proved that four other men from that team could play basketball—with the best of them."

TRIUMPH FOR GOOD FORM

While UCLA was psyching out the NCAA and Marquette was sawing up the NIT, a game between Las Vegas show girls and some airline stewardesses gave basketball a new shape—and a lot bigger gate



Lorne Jacobs proved to be a real hatcher when the show girls held a poolside pract

All right, fans, it's halftime here at beautiful Tarrant County Convention Center in Fort Worth, and before the Dallas Chaparrals and the Denver Rockets come back on court we have that special basketball game you all—well, half of you, anyway—came out to see. You know, the Chaparrals drew just 2,000 people last week. Tonight we've got more than 4,000 here!

Now . . . preesenting . . . from Las Vegas, Nevada, and wearing, well, nothing much to speak of . . . the Desert Inn Pzazzers! Shirley, Rusty, Margi . . . give 'em a hand, folks, and let's have a cheer for their coach, Quarterback Craig Morton of the Dallas Cowboys. . . . Well, Craig, they say only the great ones get booed.

Opposing these finely trained young athletes . . . representing Frontier Airlines . . . the lithe and talented Frontier Jets! Here they come, fans . . . Jill, Jackie, Honey. Folks, wouldn't you love to

be served coffee, tea or milk by one of them? Let's hear it for the Jets.

Ladies and gentlemen, what you are about to see is the second annual Glamour Cup Dribble. Will we have a high-scoring game? Hard to say—our Jets won the 1969 battle 3-2. Oh, yes—there are some special rules. No hair-pulling for one. O.K., girls, we're ready. Play!

How about that, folks? We *did* have a high scoring game, even though our Jets lost it 5-2. Let me review the action—Shirley Allen! Unbelievable! Two field goals—two!—for the Pzazzers. A regular Pete Maravich (page 22)! Not to downgrade our Super Jet, Letha Luster. She got a field goal, too!

You know, folks, I suspect the press agents for the Inn and the airline set up this game, but do you know who really scored? The Dallas Chaparrals, that's who! Two thousand extra paid admissions, and, boy, do we need 'em!





In a maneuver reminiscent of football's center snap, Jolee Latta Luster and Jackie Carroll try to wrest ball from Desert Inn's Shirley Allen.



A break in the action provides time for the usual bench refreshment—champagne.

Indefatigable Captain Allen prepares to launch a Nevada-style field-goal attempt.

THE UPSTAGING OF PISTOL PETE

Showtime with Pete Maravich came to Madison Square Garden and New Yorkers loved it, but Marquette brought in a star performer of its own—a local boy at that—and easily won the NIT tournament **by WILLIAM F. REED**

At the end of his nine-day stay in New York City, Pistol Pete Maravich was ready to go home. He had come to town eager to justify his title as basketball's Mr. Showtime, and he could hardly wait to get out there under the bright lights of Madison Square Garden, before a full house, and fire off the leaping, twisting shots that had made him college basketball's all-time scoring leader. He'd show those city dudes Pistol Pete the magician, scrambling down the floor on a fast break, his long hair flopping, his old gray sweat socks drooping, the basketball dancing through his legs and around his back. As he said before taking his first dribble in the National Invitation Tournament, "I've always insisted that basketball is an entertainment, and New York is where the fans love basketball. Either we will swallow New York—or New York will swallow us."

Well, it turned out to be something like mutual heartburn. New York loved Pete's act, but Marquette's team and its star, Dean Meminger (*opposite*), upstaged him in the end and won the tournament. After his NIT adversaries had come at him with their aggressive, gang-up defenses, Maravich looked—and felt—as if he had been worked over by a mugger in Central Park. At one point, besides a severely upset stomach that caused him to lose 10 pounds, Pete had a knot on his head, a bruised hip, a strained ligament in his leg and a sprained ankle. Although LSU won two games and finished fourth, his brilliant passes were few and far between. And after his team was beaten in the semis, Maravich decided to sit out Saturday's consolation game with Army.

"I didn't want to risk hurting myself further," he said. "I wanted to come here and win for my dad [the LSU coach], but everything was a disaster. Man, I've had enough of this place."

While Maravich was having his troubles, Coach Al McGuire and his hungry, angry urchins from Milwaukee showed why they were the tournament favorites. The Warriors hounded a limping Maravich into uselessness and beat LSU 101-79 in the semifinals. And on Saturday afternoon they easily disposed of McGuire's alma mater, St. John's, to win the final 65-53.

"We're a great little team," said McGuire, whose usual snappy attire was surpassed in brilliance only by his team's black-and-gold striped uniforms. "We thought we would win—and we did."

All season, of course, the Warriors had been pointing not for the NIT but for an at-large berth in the big tournament, the NCAA. After finishing with a fine 22-3 record, Marquette got an NCAA bid all right, but to the Midwest Regional in Fort Worth instead of the Midwest at Dayton, Ohio. This was not the first time that the NCAA had asked a team to switch regions in order to fit in all the best independents, but McGuire balked, fumed and finally said phooey—the Warriors would go to New York and the NIT.

"We were unjustly kept out of the Midwest," said McGuire. "I didn't want to go to Texas. I have nothing against longhorns, but that's 1,500 miles away. What could I get down there—maybe two cheerleaders."

Of course, the NIT was delighted to acquire the Warriors. Usually the tournament has to make do with 16 of the NCAA's rejects and also-rans, so a team like Marquette brought substantial class to the field. Moreover, the Warriors' best players—Meminger and Ric Cohn—are products of New York playgrounds and high schools. So, as the NIT got under way, the smart money liked St. John's in the upper bracket and Marquette in the lower. Neither favorite, despite the

local appeal, captivated audiences the way Maravich did.

When they arrived in New York—on Friday the 13th—Maravich and his teammates were taken to the New Yorker Hotel, and right away, as Pete told it later, there was trouble. "We had to wait to get our rooms," he said, "because there had been some kind of shooting and they were still cleaning up." The story was denied by both the New York police and the hotel, but it was fun to tell and Pete always likes to entertain, on or off court. Shortly he was describing how he was stuck on one of the hotel's elevators:

"Here I was, 36 floors up, with this elevator bobbing up and down. Man, I'm saying my life's over—I was going crazy. I kept punching buttons and it kept bobbing between 36 and 37. Then all of a sudden the doors opened and there was nothing but a wall there. I said 'Oh, no' and punched another button. Finally it went up to 40 and I got off. Man, I walked down to the lobby."

The next night one of Pete's fans—Al Hirt—invited the team to attend his concert at Carnegie Hall, where he called the players up on stage and introduced them. At about 2:30 a.m. Maravich was sound asleep in his room ("It was so small I had to put my suitcases in the bathroom") when he was awakened by a soft knocking on the door.

"Some girl had gotten outside in the hall," he said, "and she was calling. 'P-e-e-e, P-e-e-e.' I lay there for a few minutes just listening to her. I couldn't believe it. And then, just as I was getting ready to get up, somebody came along and ran her off."

On Sunday afternoon, LSU's opening game was televised nationally; since the New York area was not blacked out Garden attendance was a mere 16,000, more than the size of capacity crowds at the



NCAA. But Maravich noticed the empty seats as soon as he jogged out on the floor. "It wasn't packed and I realized that," he said. "When I first went out there, I was scared—I was afraid everybody thought the game was being played somewhere else. The more people there are in the stands the better I like it." One other possible reason for the empty seats is that LSU was supposed to have an easy time with its opponent, Georgetown, an idea that was quickly dispelled.

The first time he put his hands on the ball in a game at the Garden, Pistol Pete gave the crowd what it wanted to see. With only eight seconds gone, he whipped a pass behind his back into a crowd of players jostling under the basket. Although the pass was right in his hands, Maravich's receiver was so surprised, or nervous, that he blew the shot. But nobody in the crowd seemed to mind. After letting out a loud ooooh, the fans settled back, ready to be entertained some more. Showtime was here.

But Georgetown was ready for The Pistol. The Hoyas assigned Guard Mike Laska—"best defensive player in the country," according to his coach—to cling to Maravich, and they had two more players running at him whenever he tried to maneuver into shooting territory. At halftime Pete was only 1 for 4 from the field. "I saw two men on me all the time and I thought, well, hell, I'll just throw the ball around and we'll score that way," said Pete.

He began taking more shots in the second half and in one period hit three long jumpers in a row. "I was starting to wonder how good he was about then," said Laska, "but when he hit those I knew he could have been doing it all day." What really turned on the crowd was a pass Maravich made on one of the few fast breaks LSU was able to generate. With a defensive man planted only

continued

Resplendent in Marquette's stripes, Dean Mensinger wears his MVP trophy like a crown.



steps in front of him as he charged up the middle, Maravich took a pass from his left and zipped it to his right all in the same motion, setting up an easy basket. His two free throws in the closing seconds enabled the Tigers to win 83-82, but Pete was not pleased. In his New York debut he had a modest 20 points—making six of 16 shots—and for the first time this season he was outscored by a teammate. Dark, husky Danny Hester, a 6' 8" senior forward, had 30.

"I was pitiful. I was terrible, I stunk," said Pete. "It was one of my worst, no doubt about it. How many shots did I take? Sixteen? That's about 90 under my average, but I had nowhere to go. When I play that bad, I try to forget it. I'll just go hide in my little corner." The corner turned out to be Mr. Lafla, one of the swinging East Side bars.

Pete's best NIT performance—and also his roughest experience—came Tuesday night against Oklahoma in the quarterfinals, and this time there was a full house in the Garden. Showtime fans saw Pistol Pete score 37 points and again hit two free throws in the closing seconds, giving LSU a 97-94 victory. They also saw Pete get hit in the face going for a rebound, scrape his shin diving for a loose ball and twist his ankle while trying to drive between two Oklahoma defenders. After the game his stomach and ankle were troubling him enough so that he turned down an invitation to appear on the Dick Cavett show, which was just as well because his dad was fuming over the team's extracurricular activities anyway.

"We played like a bunch of fifth-graders," said his father. "These kids have been up till all hours of the night. I know they're up watching TV until 2 or 3 in the morning—you have 17,000 channels up here! They get up in the morning and they look like they've been on a seven-day drunk."

After the game a stranger walked up to Lou Carnesecca, the effervescent little coach who was winding up his career at St. John's to take over the New York Nets of the ABA, and pointed out that Maravich had made 14 floor errors. Said Carnesecca, "So what? Michelangelo ruined a few pieces of marble, too."

Had Maravich been well, LSU's game with Marquette might have been the best of the tournament. After working hard to get past Massachusetts 62-55 in the first round, the Warriors had put their game together and whipped a good Utah team 83-63 in the quarterfinals. In addition to Meminger, a smiling, gum-chewing guard who was to become the tournament's Most Valuable Player, they had three excellent rebounders in Cobb, Joe Thomas and Gary Breit. They made up in jumping ability and aggressiveness what they lacked in size. And, of course, they had McGuire, who kept his team sequestered in a small hotel while LSU was gadding about town.

Early on, the game was close. The Warriors came out pressing LSU all over, a revolving double-team concentration on the ball handler, but Maravich was able to dribble or pass his team up the floor for a while. Late in the first half, however, Thomas and Cobb established their rebounding superiority over LSU's Hester and Al Sanders, and the Tigers began to get into foul trouble. Normally, LSU would have started working exclusively to Maravich, but Pete was bottled up by the efficient trapping tactics of Meminger and Guard Jeff Sewell, and he was limping noticeably.

In the second half the game was no contest. Maravich struggled almost 19 minutes without a field goal, and when he finally hit a jumper with 1:12 remaining to make the score 96-73 the Marquette fans gave him a derisive cheer.

"I didn't want to beat Maravich and lose to LSU," said McGuire. "I think that in college ball today, any one man can be stopped. Put a triangle and two on him and where's he going to go?"

Said Maravich, "I know I'm going to have some bad games, and I'm not worried about it. You have to take the good with the bad, and right now I'm taking the bad. But there will be good—I guarantee you that." Later Maravich and Sanders went to look for some of the good at Bachelors III.

With Pete gone, the final game would have been an anticlimax to New Yorkers except for the presence of so many locals on both sides. His last St. John's team had been good to Carnesecca, winning close ones in their bracket against Georgia Tech (56-55) and Army (60-59), but Marquette was too quick and its press too upsetting. Double-teaming the ball and recovering quickly when

St. John's found the open man, the Warriors forced errors and bad shots. Against a man-for-man defense in the first half Meminger drove almost at will, and Jeff Sewell was remarkably accurate from outside. As McGuire put it later, "Dean puts the other team into a zone, and Jeff pulls them out of it." The margin of superiority remained at a level throughout: Marquette led by 10 at the half and by 12 at the finish.

Naturally, McGuire was asked how he thought his team would have done in the NCAA. "I haven't seen UCLA, but we're quicker than Jacksonville," he said. "Aw, let's drop it. I'm not looking for compensations. I have enough trouble without taking on the world."

As for Pete Maravich, he also took time for some reflection before saying goodbye to New York. Before he drove a hansom cab around Central Park he sat in the dark, quiet bar at the Plaza Hotel, sipping a bourbon and Coke. Now that his college career is over, Pete is fair game for the warring pro leagues. Would he sign with the Carolina Cougars of the ABA? Or, unlike some of his All-America contemporaries, would he wait for the NBA draft?

"Aw, man, the pressure is just beginning," he said. "I tell you, everybody thinks I've got it made but, you know, it's not worth it. There is so much pressure, and people—every day, every day. You know when I've had the most fun? When I went to Daytona all by myself last year and just took it easy. Nobody knew me. Sometimes I wish I could be an accountant or something, man, so I could live right for a change."

"I haven't even started thinking about the pros yet but I don't think what happened in the NIT makes any difference. I don't care if I only made one point or one assist. You don't base an entire lifetime of basketball on one game or tournament. Nothing has gone right for me here, but it's all over now."

World-weary at 21, already enough of a veteran to look back on a college career as a lifetime, Pete is undoubtedly right that his only fair NIT show will not affect the bids from the pros. He'll get his million, or more. And he has another offer that seriously tempts him. If he'd like, Pistol Pete can make a short, lucrative exhibition tour as the first white man to play with the Harlem Globetrotters. After all, they seldom play in New York.

END

Clockwise with Pistol Pete: the warmup before his first game, driving a hansom cab on the floor with an injury, flying an offense.

Massing his legions to storm the
citadel of an implacable foe named Elbaum,
Dean—the pitcher, not the singer—
mounts a comic-opera boxing vendetta

by MYRON COPE



CHANCEY GAMES IN OHIO

"Whatever Chance tells you, you better check carefully. Listen, Duke Sims asked me, 'What kind of a guy is Chance?' I told him, 'Duke, I always been an Indians rooter, but now that Chance is pitching, I hope that when you're catching him you have six passed balls.'"—Don Elbaum, fight promoter.

"I won't call Elbaum names, I'll be around long after he's out of the state of Ohio. Is it going to do me any good to call him names? I refuse to badmouth that no-good SOB."—Dean Chance.

Can this really be Wilmer Dean Chance who is party to so rancorous an exchange and, if so, why? Can Elbaum be shouting about the Dean Chance I have known and loved since he first came into the big leagues nine years ago? I had never heard Chance's veracity called into question; on the contrary, his teammates occasionally threw him dark looks

for being excessively frank. For example, when he won 20 games and the Cy Young Award in 1964 his Los Angeles Angels colleagues saw no particular need of his declaring, "I should have won 30 games and had 15 shutouts, but I got no hitting behind me. I don't know if it will get better but it sure can't get worse."

Reared to a height of 6' 3" in the cornfields of Ohio, Chance possessed angelic features; he neither drank nor smoked, nor does he now, at 28. But if one is determined to find fault with him, then it is true that he drove his car along the Los Angeles freeways as though they were the Utah salt flats and that he wore outrageous colors long before anyone declared them to be mod. Granted, there were numerous signs of an eccentric aspect to his personality.

He made good money pitching, developed a prosperous farm near Wooster, Ohio and acquired a Smucker's franchise

that does a brisk business in gift-wrapped foods, all of which was necessary to pay his phone bill. Among his excesses, significantly, was an affinity for placing long-distance calls, starting from the time he awakened and continuing into the dead of night until he phoned himself to sleep. The difficulty, however, was that through the first seven years of his major league existence Chance's phone calls, piercing time zones and destroying the slumber of legions of acquaintances, made little sense, owing to the fact that as a rule he had no reason for calling. His modus operandi was to put through the call on the assumption that by the time it was answered he would think of something to say. No real harm in that, except that Chance's feverish telephoning was symptomatic of the fact that his life was about to take a perilous turn.

Before long, circumstances would introduce Chance to the haggling and



WHILE CHANCE COUNSELS HEAVYWEIGHT ERNIE SHAVERS THE ENEMY CONFRONTER, DON ELBAUM, GLOVES BEHIND DARK SHADES

scheming world of boxing, which lives by the telephone. And because he would be unable to resist entering this paradise of telephone action he would in turn run afoul of Don Elbaum, a feisty little man of 34, a young Edward G. Robinson, widely regarded as boxing's No. 1 scratcher and hustler. "I have feuds with quite a few people," says Elbaum pointedly, "but I respect some of them."

It was 14 months ago, in January 1969, that Chance and Elbaum first recognized one another as natural opponents. Prior to that time Chance had had no interest in the fight game, but an Ohio manager named Ed Mears knew him to be a friend of California heavyweight contender Jerry Quarry and suggested that he sign Quarry to fight a tuneup at the 7,000-seat Canton Memorial Auditorium and back the show. "Why not?" thought Chance, inasmuch as promoting the fight would give him an immediate reason for telephoning Quarry. He experienced no resistance in persuading Quarry to accept \$5,000 and expenses but, being a stranger to

boxing, Chance required a matchmaker to put together his preliminary bouts. Enter Elbaum—with a friendly smile that Chance would now describe as that of a Times Square wristwatch peddler.

On the basis of appearance, if nothing else, the prospective antagonists shaped up as a brutal mismatch. In one corner, the fair-skinned eager farmer. In the other, starting from the feet and working up: pointy-toed shoes, an open collar under a sportcoat, a 5 o'clock shadow, dark glasses the size of saucers, and thick black hair covering a brain that has established its owner as probably the only boxing operator between New York and California who is able to earn a living without resorting to wrestling promotions or side jobs selling home improvements. Elbaum has been a fight promoter since the age of 19 when he served as an Army private in Korea. "I made \$30,000 in three shows there," he says. "Then my C.O. called me in." Emerging from the Army, he made promoting and managing his life's work, doggedly plumbing tank towns

and sometimes fighting on his own cards when preliminary boys failed to show up. His father Max begged him to become a part of the family hearing-aid business in Erie, Pa., but to Max's repeated pleas he turned, well, a deaf ear.

He loved the sounds and the odors of gyms and the conniving that was carried out over endless cups of coffee in motel coffee shops. He graduated to Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit and Akron, and in recent months reached new heights by effecting a leasing agreement with the Cleveland Arena, where in January he did \$45,000 matching Emile Griffith with his own middleweight, Doyle Baird. "If a show goes good," says Elbaum, "I live good." He did not live good as a result of putting together Chance's Canton preliminaries, he points out, because Chance neglected to pay him for his services.

"That's ridiculous!" shrieks Chance, declaring that he agreed to pay Elbaum \$250 for arranging the preliminaries and that he indeed paid him the two-fifty even though Elbaum unabashedly milked

continued

the show for a personal bonus. "He takes a kid who's banned everywhere—a kid named Skip Jackson, a lousy bucket carrier out of a gym in Akron—and tells people this kid is the West Virginia middleweight champ," Chance bellows. Elbaum matched the so-called bucket carrier with his Doyle Baird, who found it necessary to put in less than one round's work. "I give Baird \$700." Chance goes on, "and the other guy never threw a punch. But I don't owe Elbaum a cent. He says all these things for one reason—publicity. Don't even put his name in the story. Refer to him as 'some shortstop promoter.'"

Notwithstanding his skirmish with Elbaum, Chance's baptismal experience in boxing converted him to the game overnight. For one thing, he had broken even on the Quarry show. Also, inasmuch as everyone in the fight game, from Maine to California, welcomes a phone call—a paid phone call—on the chance that it carries a profitable proposition, Chance was now wealthier by scores of new telephone acquaintances. Plunging ahead, he formed Dean Chance Enterprises, a promotional concern with offices, until recently, in his hat. Also, along with a paving-contractor friend named Joseph (Blackie) Gennaro, Chance formed Ohio Boxing, Inc., which recruits and manages fighters. To Elbaum's irritation Chance was now squatting upon Ohio territory that Elbaum had come to call home. The result of all this is that at last count Chance had promoted 11 shows, owned five fighters and was at least \$15,000 poorer.

Unbowed, he argues, "Boxing is the only big pro sport an individual like me can jump into at the top. I can't buy a baseball or football club, can I? Listen, the losses I've had are just my dues. When you're new in a game you got to pay your dues."

Fortunately, Chance continues to draw a baseball salary, which runs in the neighborhood of \$55,000. Last year, pitching for Minnesota, he won only five games, having suffered shoulder and back injuries in spring training. Some say his arm went dead from holding a receiver to his ear but whatever the root of his trouble the Twins traded him to the Indians, a development that suited him perfectly. Mooring north from his home in Wooster to Cleveland's Municipal Stadium each day, he will be able to maintain surveillance of the coun-

tryside that he and Elbaum have turned into Hamburger Hill.

As it happens, Ohio provides the perfect battleground for Chance versus Elbaum. Alone among the populous states of the Union, Ohio has no state athletic commissions, regulation of the sport being a matter of local option. Consequently, boxing commissions vary from town to town, as do their regulations, which in many cases can be copied down in their entirety on a cocktail napkin. For the most part a congenial, anything-goes environment prevails, permitting an individual to promote shows and manage fighters simultaneously, showcasing his own talent and collecting both promoter's and manager's shares. Apart from implications of conflict of interest, the situation gives small to medium operators a fighting chance to promote regularly at a profit. "Tex Rickard would have loved Ohio," crows a shaggy young man named J. Michael Kenyon, who has become Chance's right-hand man. Though given to purple pastriped bell-bottoms and Apache neckwear, Kenyon has an affection for the blue-collar masses. Bearing in mind such northeastern Ohio industrial towns as Akron, Canton, Youngstown, Steubenville and of course Cleveland, he says, "Those guys with dirt in their fingernails make the best fight fans."

Chance, perceiving the shape of things in Ohio and determined to elevate himself to Elbaum's level, seized his opportunity when Light Heavyweight Ray Anderson, a first-rate prospect out of Akron with a 16-1 pro record, fortuitously became a free agent. Chance signed him, paid off his debts and sent him to Minneapolis for \$2,000 worth of new teeth, an act of philanthropy that made Elbaum shudder.

"Anderson has tremendous speed," Elbaum admits, "and is a better puncher than people give him credit for being." Elbaum does not mind saying this, because the compliment leads him to an observation: "Chance is destroying Anderson. The fighter wears \$400 velvet suits with mink collars and Chance is getting him \$200 alligator boxing shoes. Chance doesn't run the fighter—the fighter runs him. With a manager Anderson could go to the top." Still, Anderson reeled off 12 straight victories under Chance's management and rose to the ranking of No. 2 light heavy-weight in the world in the Ring ratings.

"Chance has put him in with such stiff's it's incredible!" Elbaum responded.

Through Anderson Chance nonetheless obtained a measure of fight-game prestige and in turn cast a hungry promotional eye upon Akron, a city of 298,000, whereupon he entered Round Two of direct conflict with Elbaum.

"I was running on a regular basis in Akron," says Elbaum. "I'd brought Benvenuti there. I'd brought Chivalo there. I had a revival going in that town. So now I got another date set and the commission comes along and gives Chance a date six days before mine. Well, I got into a war with them." Elbaum describes the Akron commission as numbering, at last count, "five or six guys," who in this instance demonstrated a combined slipperiness equal to the city's total rubber output melted down. "I told them I'd asked for the same date they gave Chance," says Elbaum, "but they tell me I saw the wrong guy for the date. I been dealing there five years, and they tell me I saw the wrong guy! Listen, Chance is a two-faced sneak. He's a foot taller than me, he's got 60 pounds on me, but I'm praying he takes a pot shot at me. He's got no guts. If anybody ever said to me the things I say to him I'd have to fight."

Chance, sensing the kind of progress he has been known to make riding hatters with a fastball past the ear, coolly replies, "Why should I waste my time on a shortstop like Elbaum?" Clearly, Chance has chosen his strategy. The hater has come up from the dust with fists clenched but Chance is gazing tranquilly into center field, rubbing down a new ball, a smirk on his lips.

It was on a Saturday evening less than a month before Chance was to report to the Indians' spring-training camp that I arrived in Canton to take in the latest Dean Chance Enterprises production and assess the state of the Ohio power struggle. Elbaum had been vanquished in Akron but he remained in total control of Cleveland.

Chance, meanwhile, was biding his time, setting little promotional brush fires in the industrial belt that borders Cleveland to the southeast. Also he was building up troop strength. Only a few days earlier he had imported Kenyon from Seattle to be his press agent, ring announcer, general troubleshooter and chauffeur, the latter assignment arising from the fact that, not surprisingly,

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Chance's license had been suspended 60 days for speeding.

J. Michael, outfitted in his announcer's tuxedo and a gold ruffled shirt, told me in a corridor off the dressing rooms that he most recently had been employed part time as a publicist for Seattle Promoter George (Don't Worry) Chermers and full time as a television critic for the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. He became at liberty to sign a contract with Chance after having written an unfavorable review of man's first landing on the moon. "My managing editor was pro-moon," he explained. A wanderer at 26, J. Michael appeared uncommonly worldly for his years and perhaps sufficiently knowledgeable in the back alleys of life to provide Chance with useful anti-Elbaum counsel. On the other hand, he owned up to a fatal weakness. He is not only prone to fall in love but to marry the girls he falls for, having already whirled through three disastrous marriages.

Chance and Kenyon had been through the sort of strenuous week that Elbaum long ago cut his teeth on. For their main event they had signed Dave Mathews, a corner who had won the 1969 national AAU light heavyweight championship and blossomed into a heavyweight. But within the past five days no fewer than four opponents had experienced second thoughts about fighting Mathews and had pulled out of the main bout, offering a variety of reasons ranging from a distaste for the Ohio climate to a newly acquired 19-stitch knife wound. "The last guy cancels out by telegram at 5:30 this afternoon," said J. Michael. "So now we call Art [Curley] Miller, who is somewhere between 39 and 54, according to various reports."

Only two nights before, said J. Michael, Miller had decimated a tough boy named Chuck Haynes in Miller's home town of Mansfield, Ohio. It was true, J. Michael went on, that the officials had taken two rounds away from Haynes for low blows and given Miller four-minute rests between rounds but a victory is a victory—*ergo*, Curley Miller was not about to take the first fight in sight. "We begged him to come down," said J. Michael, "and finally he said O.K. Want till you see him. He blows smoke out of his ears."

Of Canton's 118,900 population only 367 had purchased seats for the show ("Cold weather and a late start on promotion," J. Michael explained), but

Chance declined to cut back on any of the extras that had come to characterize his promotions. Seeing himself as a first-class entrepreneur riding a white horse against the Elbaums of the boxing world, he intones, "We're striving to give boxing a good image." Toward that end he strives to give the fans a bit more than their money's worth. Consequently a short, pot-bellied man of 79 named George Contos, identified as the popular Bender's Tavern bartender, climbed through the ropes clad in horn-rimmed spectacles, a YMCA T-shirt, white trunks and calf-length black hose. "At the Jerry Quarry fight I stole the show," he had advised me in a Greek accent.

Now, having removed his teeth, he proceeded into his specialty. Under the ring lights he performed 100 sit-ups. The crowd counted off the last 10 in unison, after which George Contos departed the ring, smiling triumphantly through a flushed countenance that hinted of imminent cardiac arrest.

Although the card was made up largely of green Ohio talent and dockworker-husky types shipped in from New York, the show proved to be lively, thanks in part to ancient Curley Miller. Almost totally bald, a carnival barker's mustache decorating his upper lip, Curley charged out in a brown angora sweater, which on closer inspection proved to be body hair, and with his first punch dropped Mathews to the canvas. However, after being floored three times himself Curley declined to answer the bell for the fifth round. The crowd nevertheless cheered him, having long since been put in a congenial mood by the appearances between rounds of another Chance bonus. A tall blonde attired in a silver minigown, whose plunging neckline revealed enormous attractions, earned the round cards around the ring, touching off satisfied explosions from the crowd whenever she doubled up to ease through the ropes. Chance leaned into my ear and, attempting to be informative, told me, "We discovered her waiting on tables in a cocktail lounge. I understand she's married to a CIA guy. No kidding."

Chance lost almost \$1,000 on the show—"Another show, another loss!" he chirped, leaving the auditorium—but he remained confident it would not be long before he would be through paying his dues. "We gotta develop new fighters," he declared. "What we need is our own gym. We'll set up a place

that seats 500 and run an amateur show once a week with a pro bout on top. We'll charge only a buck a head. But we'll run a big pro show at the auditorium once a month and we'll run 20 shows in Akron this year." Naturally the command staff of Dean Chance Enterprises and Ohio Boxing, Inc. would require beefing up. Chance had stashed J. Michael Kenyon at an inn in the town of Ashland, down the road from his corn and cattle farm, and within a few days there arrived in Ashland a new addition to the payroll. Doc Holliday, a retired welterweight who had never been east of Idaho, checked in to take charge of the gym that Chance had not yet found, where he would train the multitudinous prospects presumed to be in the wings earnestly shadowboxing. Although only 29, Doc appeared somewhat older, with good reason.

"My last fight," he said, "the other guy just came out of the penitentiary and was in great shape. Also he was on benzedrine. You put those capsules in warm water, you know, and drink 'em down." Solid right hands having failed to make his opponent blink, Doc dropped the decision and was further distressed, he said, by the fact that Don't Worry Chermers, the Seattle promoter, paid him something less than he had anticipated. "He told me, 'You know, you're like a son to me.' He said he couldn't pay me what I was expecting 'cause somebody stole all the tickets to a whole section and were sitting there free." The day following Doc's arrival in Ashland, Chance and his command staff set off for Canton, Doc replacing J. Michael at the wheel. Doc drove pensively, perhaps wondering if he had done right to throw in with Chance in a strange land. From time to time he fingered the collar of a new shirt he was wearing, unable to discover until many hours later that the collar irritated his neck because he had neglected to remove the card-board. Meanwhile, entering a suburb of Canton, Doc asked, "Is this considered New England?"

Chance had mapped out a busy day. Knowing that he would soon have to report for spring training, leaving only J. Michael and Doc to tighten the vise around Cleveland, he was determined to put new wheels in motion. In search of a gym site he conferred first with a member of the Stark County Fairgrounds Commission, who proposed

continued

that Chance erect a building on the fairgrounds, then turn it over to the fairgrounds and rent it for \$1 a year. "You can use it 50 weeks," the fairgrounds commissioner said, "and we'll use it for two weeks during the fair."

"I got a friend who'll put it up for cost," Chance said. "I'll run me maybe 10 or 12 thousand." He liked the idea but then a better one occurred to him. Instructing Doc to drive on to Canton, he declared, "We gotta build a place where we can put in road shows and roller derbies and political conventions for small parties. J. Michael, thank!"

In east Akron, at a bar called Red's, Chance huddled with the proprietor, one Arnie Shapiro. "Arnie," he said straightaway. "I got a big move in mind. I told these guys, 'I got to see a Jewish friend, the Jews got the answers.'"

"Shoot," said Arnie.

An hour and several phone calls later a site had been found and negotiations scheduled for a new boxing arena that would seat 7,000 and book the Harlem Globetrotters. "The wheels are turning!" Chance cried, leaving the bar. "You can't top Action Arnie!"

Darkness was falling as we drove south toward the town of Orrville, where Chance wanted to look in on his Smucker's franchise, presumably to see if dill pickles were moving breakly enough to offset his mounting commitments. As

we rolled through the dusk he grew reflective, confessing that since entering the fight game he had allowed himself to be outsmarted on one occasion, shortly after he had signed Ernie Shavers, last year's national AAU heavyweight champion. Billed by Chance as The Black Destroyer, Shavers obviously was a first-rate prospect. Turning pro, he knocked out two men in six nights, then flew to Seattle for his third bout in eight nights. "But George Chmeres," Chance now recalled, "laid a trap for me."

"He pretends he don't have an opponent for the Destroyer. He says, 'Don't worry. Don't worry. Something will happen.' That's why they call him Don't Worry Chmeres. Anyway, on the day of the fight, finally, we're right up to weigh-in time when Stanley [The Animal] Johnson just happens to walk in looking for a fight."

"He's called Stanley the Animal," J. Michael interjected, "because he comes out at the bell with a vicious sneer on his face. He looks like Richard Widmark after he's just pushed the old lady down the stairs."

"Yes, but at the time I don't know Stanley the Animal from Adam," Chance went on. "He comes in and says he's been riding the bus for 30 hours, all the way from L.A., looking for a fight. He says he hasn't eaten regular or been in training for a month. Later, of

course, I find out that in San Juan he fought Vicente Rondon, the Venezuelan, who, my God, is ranked fourth among the world's light heavies! He had a no-contest with Rondon because he was beating him and they stopped it to save Rondon's record."

In short, the Destroyer absorbed the first—and to date the only—defeat on his record. "Chmeres conned me," sighed Chance. "George is a good fellow, but I guess he just figured I needed a coming."

Had the lesson alerted Chance to the ambush that Elbaum was planning back in Ohio it would have been well worth the price but, alas, Elbaum had found a form of bait so enticing that Angelo Dundee himself would have snapped it up. Elbaum had a new heavyweight named Ted Gullick, of whom little had been heard. "His straight age is 25, his paper age is 23," says Elbaum. "A helluva puncher. At 18 he did time for beating up five cops. He put three of them in the hospital." With Gullick as his weapon Elbaum plotted a strike at the very jewel of the Chance organization—none other than Ray Anderson.

Although Elbaum had pronounced Cleveland off limits to Chance fighters, he now offered Chance \$4,000 for an Anderson-Gullick match at the Cleveland Arena. Gullick would outweigh Anderson by 20 pounds but Gullick's total professional experience consisted of only five fights. A street punk out of the joint, and with only five pro fights? How could Chance resist?

Elbaum, supremely confident, advised a Cleveland boxing writer, Dan Coughlin, to study the changes in Anderson's expression from the first round on. Anderson's face, Coughlin later wrote, registered curiosity, then respect, then discomfort, then pain, then agonized exhaustion. At the finish it was blank. In the ninth round Anderson was down for the count. The next *Ring* ratings dropped him from second to fourth. "I suckerpunched Chance so beautifully," crows Elbaum. "That it was the happiest \$4,000 I ever had to pay."

"Aw," said Chance as we pressed on toward his Smucker's franchise in Orrville, "mental fatigue is what hurt Anderson. He's got everything on his mind but boxing." Four-hundred-dollar velvet suits may have crossed Chance's mind.

Suddenly, however, he brightened. "Listen, J. Michael. Get out a release

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"When I came here 10 days ago," said J. Michael, "it was 40 shows." Still, J. Michael was willing to attune himself to Chance's ever-expanding horizons. "We'll drive Elbaum into the stagnant waters of Lake Erie!" J. Michael cried. "I'm gonna put a map on the wall with a red pin in Cleveland where Elbaum's at and I'll put blue pins around him where we're at. We've got the south cut off and all we've gotta do is take Pittsburgh and Toledo and we've got his flanks cut off. Before you know it the only thing he'll be able to do is swim to Canada."

Knowing Chance to be a battler (does he not possess the astonishing total of 12 1-0 big-league victories?), I found it delicious to imagine him advancing on Shaker Heights, perhaps with J. Michael Kenyon and Doc Holliday seizing Maple Heights and Parma, legions of their newly developed fighters at their shoulders. In the weeks that followed my departure from Ohio I kept abreast of developments there.

Dean Chance Enterprises moved its office from Chance's hat to the Downtown Motor Inn in Canton with plans to install three telephones. Dean Chance Enterprises closed a deal to promote London-style supper-club fights at the Moonlight Ballroom on the outskirts of town. Ohio Boxing, Inc. signed a sure-fire welterweight—"a toy bulldog, a miniature Sonny Liston," J. Michael informed me on the telephone—who Chance's partner, Blackie Genaro, had bailed out of jail after he had beaten up 11 men, establishing himself as an improvement upon Ted Gulkick. In my mail there arrived an announcement that had gone out to booking agents and managers in all corners of the land. "DEAN CHANCE ENTERPRISES, which has scheduled in excess of 70 boxing cards in 1970 for Akron, Youngstown, Canton, Warren, Wooster, Medina, New Philadelphia and Cleveland," it trumpeted, "has earmarked more than \$300,000 for purses and expense money. . . ."

I recalled that in my first talk with J. Michael, back in the Canton Auditorium, he had experienced a single moment of uncertainty. "It would be nice," he had said, "if Dean has a good year with the Indians."

END

"It is far better to smell good than not to smell at all!"

(STEPHEN H. MAYER, PRESIDENT MEM COMPANY, INC.)

Precisely.

Most English Leather competitors have a deodorant that won't let you smell bad. (Like our popular friend shown in the illustration.)

English Leather not only has an improved deodorant that won't let you smell bad, but it also has the famous English Leather fragrance that makes you smell good.

It is far better to smell good like English Leather. . . .



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SKY-HIGH SKIING IN THE BUGABOOS

For years skiers have known that somewhere—up there above the last lift lines—were heavenly fields of unbroken snow; the problem lay in getting to them. Then along came Hans Gmoser and his helicopters, opening such lofty playgrounds as this one, the Bugaboos of British Columbia—thousands of miles of skiing, some swingingly easy, much of it tough, all wildly exciting.


PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN O. ZIMMERMAN





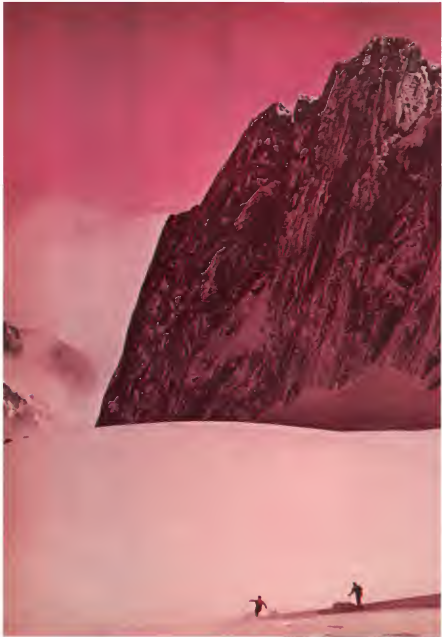



Dropped off at the summit, skiers sail through untracked snows, skirting crevasses—directed by a guide—and race down the Bugaboo Glacier (above).

The image is a composite. A vertical rectangular inset in the upper left shows a skier, Brooks Dodge, in mid-turn on a snowy ridge, kicking up a cloud of powder. The background of the entire image is a wide-angle shot of a high mountain landscape. In the foreground, a dark, shadowed slope leads down towards a vast, open valley. The valley floor is covered in a thick layer of snow, with patches of exposed rock and small evergreen trees. In the distance, more snow-capped mountain peaks are visible against a clear, pale blue sky. The overall scene conveys a sense of high-altitude adventure and winter sports.

Ex-U.S. Olympic racer Brooks Dodge runs a powdery ridge (above), then joins Joe and Anna Jones for a downward dash through a high mountain col.







Away from the world, a party skirts Snowpatch Spire on the rooftop of Canada, while Rudi Gertsch guides the way past sentinels of snow (below).

THE MOST EXPENSIVELY MADE BOURBON IN KENTUCKY.

OLD FITZGERALD 86.8

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OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY
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it's only because you haven't
tasted Old Fitz Prime.



There's only one sure way
to tell if you like Bourbon.
And that's to try Old Fitzgerald.

Why? Because we season it
with a "whisper of wheat,"
instead of the rye commonly
used in other Bourbons.

That's what gives
Old Fitzgerald its mellow,
nut sweet taste. That's what
makes it a Bourbon different
from all the rest.

No wonder people who
drink Old Fitzgerald say they
don't know any better.

A month and a half ago an oil rig operated by the Chevron Oil Company burst into flames and eight wells began spewing oil into the Gulf of Mexico 12 miles off the Louisiana coastline. When the fire was discovered, the president of Chevron is said to have told his publicity chief, "Send the press away. We are going to put out the blaze, clean up any oil slick and then we will take reporters out in a boat and show them."

Perhaps oil companies once could behave in such a manner, and get away with it, but now the pollution fat is in the fire, and the oil interests are getting burned. The Government is getting fried, too, and as the grim trail of events in Louisiana clearly shows, both parties deserve the blistering.

It is important to appreciate the enormity of the Louisiana debacle. Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel took one look and called it "a disaster compared to Santa Barbara. There is much more oil involved, more pollution over a wider area." Last weekend, 40 days after the fire started, there were still two wells running wild, and it was conservatively estimated that 30,000 gallons of crude oil were still flowing daily into the Gulf. At times the oil slick in the area has covered up to 70 square miles. And it has endangered two of the Gulf Coast's prime natural resources. So far, unreasonable northerly winds have kept the oil at sea, but the slick remains ominously near 450,000 acres of prime seed-oyster beds. In addition, young brown shrimp are moving just now from their hatching places far out at sea toward the bays and bayous of Louisiana where they develop and grow. They will swim under the slick, and no one knows if the oil, and chemicals being used on the oil, will affect the shrimp, or the people who eventually eat them.

What is evident, since the Chevron fire, is that the Federal Government's supervision of offshore oil drilling is both inadequate and lax. The U.S. Geological Survey employs only 17 inspectors for the 7,600 wells in the Gulf. In the area from Corpus Christi to Gulfport, Miss. there are some 1,800 different drilling platforms in federal waters (plus another 4,100 within the three-mile limit that are under state control). Each platform serves several wells and even wells with-

A GOOEY SICKNESS SMEARS THE GULF



In the wake of a blazing well, spilling oil menaces the Louisiana coast; only the north wind has saved the land **by PAT RYAN**

in wells. It takes two federal inspectors about a day to examine a platform and considerable additional time to check out the underwater systems connecting these platforms. Inspection boss Robert F. Evans says his men have been able to thoroughly check out only about 20% of the oil fields in the Gulf since the Government toughened its offshore drilling regulations last August following the Santa Barbara incident.

Even when inspections are made and violations discovered, there seems to be less than a determined effort by federal authorities to force oil companies to comply with the rules. Five days before the Chevron rig blew up, Supervisor Evans sent a letter to J. F. Hendrickson, chairman of a group of oilmen known as the Offshore Operators Committee. The clumsy communication began:

"Dear Bud," and noted, "A review of incoming reports from our field personnel indicates that progress is being made in installing needed pollution-control equipment offshore. However, there is still room for improvement . . . There appears to be a certain hesitancy among some company personnel to rely on [pollution control] equipment for one reason or another. Needless to say, each operation is different, and it is our intent to regard each operation individually. . . . It is our intent that appropriate controls should be in service at all times. Overriding of any controls to insure continued operation is undesirable and could result in pollution. . . ."

By law, oil companies are subject to a \$2,000-a-day fine and or six months in jail for each violation of drilling regulations, but Harlan Wood, the Depart-

continued

ment of the Interior's spokesman handling the Chevron affair, admitted that in his 13 years with the department he had never heard of an oil company being prosecuted for one of these violations. "Think of the time and money it would take to get the lousy \$2,000 a day," he said. "If it is a major violation, the Government sometimes shuts down the platform until the problem is corrected. That cuts off the oil company's income." It also cuts off the Federal Government's 12½% royalty, which perhaps explains why such drastic measures are rarely taken. Evans says he has no idea of the number of violations found in a year, but that "only 10 or 15 platforms are shut down during a year, and sometimes it is not a whole platform, just a well."

One thing the Chevron fire showed is that violations of federal regulations on offshore rigs must be shockingly numerous. The fire broke out on Platform C in what Chevron calls its Main Pass area. The oil field covers 32,000 acres and includes 21 other platforms and 280 wells. A preliminary investigation of these made by federal inspectors soon after the blaze began revealed 147 violations. The platforms were immediately closed down, and the Government has permi-

tied only four of them to resume operations. If a quick check showed 147 violations in 280 wells, one can only wonder how many violations there might be in the other 7,520 wells in Gulf Coast waters.

Ironically, Chevron's Platform C was one of the rigs that federal inspectors had checked out prior to the fire. No one will say now what the Government men found or did not find, except that at the time of the inspection there was a device known as a storm choke on the No. 6 well, the big producer on the platform. Since 1954 there has been a regulation requiring all offshore wells to have a storm choke, an \$800 piece of equipment that cuts off the flow of a well when the rate of flow becomes abnormally high, as it might in a hurricane or a fire. But the chokes are a nuisance, especially on the Gulf where they tend to get damaged by sand. If an oil company requests the Government to waive the storm-choke requirement on a well, permission is usually granted. Chevron received five such waivers on wells on Platform C—but not on the now-infamous No. 6. Yet sometime between the inspection of the platform and the fire, the storm choke was taken out of No. 6. Even to take the choke

out to clean it, which requires about an hour, companies are supposed to ask Government approval.

"Taking off chokes without permission has become a standard industry practice that the Government has condoned," Harlan Wood said candidly last week. Yet it was the removal of the storm choke from the No. 6 well for which Secretary Hickel rapped Chevron. "The storm choke, if operating, would have taken care of the fire, no doubt about that," Hickel said. "It never should have happened. And it wouldn't have, had the regulations put into effect last August been met."

Since the fire and Hickel's blast there are reports of extensive activities by the oil companies operating in the Gulf to put their rigs in order. Whether their new resolution persists after the slick from Platform C sinks out of sight depends on the Government. Hickel says he wants to double the number of inspectors as soon as possible and triple it over a two-year period, as soon as men can be trained to do the work.

But the possibility of nonexistent \$2,000 fines would hardly disturb the oil companies. What is disturbing them is the sudden emergence of pollution as a national issue—and perhaps even a national fad. Commander David H. Dickson of the Coast Guard office in New Orleans says, "A couple of new oil slicks are sighted in the Gulf each day. We get a really heavy one once or twice a week, and these can cover areas up to 32 square miles. We keep an eye on them, and if they don't come ashore they aren't a concern; they break up with the wind and wave action in maybe a week." But now there is a public outcry every time an oil slick hits close to home. In addition to the furor by public, press, conservationists and embarrassed Government officials, Chevron last week found itself hit with multi-million dollar legal actions by another industry. Nine shrimp fishermen filed a \$75 million damage suit against Chevron in Federal District Court in New Orleans charging pollution from the slick could cause "permanent and substantial damage" to the shrimp industry. A similar suit, asking for \$31.5 million in damages, was filed by the oystermen.

So far no seafood damage is evident, but investigators of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration hinted broadly last week that Chevron was us-



A STORM BROKE CONFINING BOOMS AND THE OIL RAN FREE BETWEEN THE BARGES

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long...

immeasurably
cool



COME ALL THE WAY UP TO KOOL FILTER LONGS

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The \$1,994* Hornet may stand bare of even a single extra-cost option, but it stands unashamed.

It's a paragon of luxury compared to the spartanism of other compact cars.

Contrast the Hornet's power with the top-selling compact car, for example.

You'll find that the Hornet comes with a 199 cubic inch engine that is 29 cubic inches larger and 23 horsepower stronger.

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It's the only compact car that makes this feature available.



\$1,994

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The Hornet gives you a step-on parking brake and a counter-balanced hood. No little rich car could settle for a pull-handle parking brake and a prop-up hood.

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On the other, a car a spendthrift could love.

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1. \$3,994 manufacturer's suggested retail price, Hornet 2-door, options excluded. \$3,584, Hornet SST 4-door (\$3,621 in California) with all regular factory installed options except disc brakes. Federal taxes included. State, local taxes, destination charges excluded on both models.

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ing an excess of chemicals to dissipate the slick, and it is true that surprising efforts were being made to keep the pollution inspectors away from the oil-slick area. It was chemicals that caused the ecological disaster in English and French waters following the wreck of the *Torrey Canyon*. Because of this, Chevron has been authorized to use limited amounts of chemicals, and only to provide safe conditions under the work platform from which their men are fighting the wild wells. But Federal Water Pollution Control Administration officials estimate that Chevron, in the name of safety, is pumping at least 550 gallons of chemical concentrate into the seas daily, enough to dissolve 21,000 gallons of oil. Nobody knows what the chemicals will do to sea life, and, indeed, nobody knows what the chemicals consist of. The manufacturers are refusing to provide samples to government agencies for analysis, the Coast Guard is keeping inspection boats out of the area of the wild wells, and Chevron, aware that silence is golden, is hardly admitting it has oil wells in the Gulf.

The fire that is now pitting government agency against agency, and industry against industry, broke out in the production room of the Platform C rig on Feb. 10. It apparently was caused by a mechanical breakdown, though no one knows for certain because no men were on the platform at the time. Eight of the 12 wells caught fire and a towering flame shot 40 feet into the air. The roar of the fire was deafening, parts of the rig melted and dropped off into the sea, pipes contorted and shriveled, black smoke billowed thickly and a brown stain of oil began to spread from the foot of the structure. The fire burned out of control for a month; finally on March 10 it was extinguished when a 400-pound charge of dynamite was exploded over the remnants of the platform. Until then, the oil seepage had been minimal because most of the oil burned. During the month of the blaze Chevron assembled pollution-fighting equipment—barges, tugs, booms, helicopters, hay and even an arsenal of shotguns, blank shells and firecrackers, which company spokesmen said would be used to frighten away birds should the oil threaten nearby state and federal wildlife sanctuaries. The official estimate of the amount of oil streaming from the wild wells was 600 to 1,000 barrels daily. (In Tampa last

month 500 barrels from a tanker that ran aground had been enough to ruin shorelands and cause \$10-12 million damage.) But in New Orleans a Louisiana fish and wildlife officer questioned the announced estimate of spilling oil. "As I understand it," he said, "before the fire about 1,900 barrels of oil were being produced daily on the rig. This oil was coming from just three wells; the other nine were not being operated at that time. Now, if three wells under control produce 1,900 barrels a day, it seems to me that those three, together with the five other wells that blew up in the fire, would produce more than 1,900 barrels a day when they are running out of control."

For the first day the oil was more or less contained by booms strung between barges, and skimmer boats shurped up the slick, but storms broke up the elaborate network and by last weekend there were no booms left between the oil and the shore. However, the high wind, the waves and a good streak of luck were all helping the pollution fight. The prevailing March wind is south-southeast, which would have driven the oil slick straight into the oyster beds and the grassy shallows where the brown shrimp thrive. Instead, north winds nudged the slick toward the open water. At a key time, a rip tide in Breton Sound kept the oil out of the Delta Wildlife Refuge, which shelters waterfowl, and though the oil did plaster much of Breton and Grand Gosier Islands, which are the southernmost part of a federal wildlife sanctuary, the redheads and snow geese that winter there had already left to migrate north.

By late last week fog was shrouding the area and neither the Coast Guard nor federal officials were able to survey the damage. Chevron appeared not to mind the obscurity. When the company told the Coast Guard that for "safety reasons" it wanted no boats or airplanes within two miles of the rig, the Coast Guard agreed—much to the annoyance of federal inspection agencies. The U.S. Geological Survey decided to fly special planes into the New Orleans area that can measure and chart an oil slick through cloud cover by using ultraviolet equipment. Hearing about the spy planes, Jack Werre, Chevron's publicity man, said: "Are you guys aware that you can blind every seagull with those ultraviolet rays?"

If the good north wind keeps blowing, and if the remaining wild wells (No. 6 is one of them) are capped soon, Louisiana may escape from Chevron's misfortune without suffering a true catastrophe. Then the question will be, "What has been learned?" The Senate Interior Committee has begun an investigation and is contemplating holding public and legislative hearings. The politics of the situation, Harlan Wood says, make it possible that the Federal Government will at last take some meaningful action against a violator of its oil-drilling regulations—it is an election year and President Nixon has made pollution a major issue. Wood even feels that it is unfortunate that it is Chevron which is on the spot, for its parent company, Standard Oil of California, has had a good reputation with the Department of the Interior. But the Government may now decide that rules without penalties are folly.

In addition, an auction of 77,000 more acres of offshore oil lands in the Gulf has been postponed. (There were no oil wells in the Gulf until 1948. Now about 1,000 new ones are sunk each year. So society progresses.) But the Federal Government, which stands to make about three-quarters of a billion dollars, probably will put these new leases on the auction block within six months. Not even public anger nor \$2.3 billion in lawsuits that resulted from the Santa Barbara blob moved the Government to restrain drilling and exploration in the Santa Barbara channel. The best way to solve the Santa Barbara problem, a presidential panel declared, was simply to exhaust the oil reservoir in the area. That will take 20 years.

Indeed, the oil dollar seems to be something neither federal nor state governments can do without. In Louisiana the state's income from oil and gas operations is \$400 million annually—40% of the state budget. In Baton Rouge it is political suicide to berate oil interests. Louisiana Attorney General Jack Gremillion, when asked about the Chevron leak, said it appeared to be "an act of God." And the state's lieutenant governor, C. C. Aycock, complained bitterly of the Federal Government's postponement of offshore oil leasing in the Gulf. "It is a disaster," he declared.

Which are the very words Secretary Hickel had used after viewing the Chevron mess: "A disaster." **END**

★ The art of pitching baseballs, it turns out, is a little something **Sophia Loren** picked up from American troops stationed in Naples during World War II as she demonstrated when opening a sports festival near Rome recently. "I put one finger here," she said, "and another here, and look, a curve!"

Philip Roth has been vacationing in Thailand, where he recently submitted to an interview with Harry Rolnick, a critic for *The Bangkok Post*. Their conversation spanned several evenings and a number of topics, including the reception of *Portnoy's Complaint* and some consequent complaints of Roth's own, among them the income tax and **Norman Mailer** who Roth characterized as being in "the Hemingway style—self-aggrandizing, self-publicizing. . . ." When at a Thai boxing match Rolnick

suggested that Roth get up and take a bow, the author declined, adding, "Now if I was Norman Mailer I'd be up in the ring after the first bout, kicking away at the boxers in golf shoes."

On one of the Senators' off days, **Ted Williams** hopped a jet to North Carolina to film TV commercials for his Sears, Roebuck sporting goods line. He spent the morning hunting dove and quail, but didn't bag a single bird. He had no shells in his shotgun. It was closed season.

The Congressional Record has duly included the remarks of Congressman **Morris Udall** (D, Ariz.) that preceded the first Congressional basketball game. "We have had the yearly baseball games—the scores of which I decline to discuss," Udall observed, "and occasionally we have had unscheduled, impromptu boxing matches in the corridors. But at long last we Democrats have discovered our thing." He went on to reveal some of the Democratic strategy—the **Agnew** hook, for instance, which "involves intimidating scowls and feigned throws at the press table, followed by a wild charge to the south end of the court shouting slogans, epithets and five-syllable words. While the ball occasionally ends up in my mouth, 65% of the fans who have watched this maneuver approve of it. . . . another key offensive play, in addition to the Reagan dunkshot, is the **Haydenworth-Carswell** shuffle. In this maneuver we keep sending in a series of second and third stringers, one after the other, until one of them scores. We are also working on the **Goodell** shift, in which the entire team lines up on the right side of the court. When the captain shouts the key word "Senate," one player sprints to the far left and then heads in



for an easy basket. . . ." All in all the speech was a rouser, but the Democrats lost the game in overtime, 13-12.

♦ "If I missed, it was because I hit the arrow with my nose," explained Astronaut **Walt Cunningham** last week, and he did miss, quite a lot, in the course of the 12th Annual American Indoor Archery Tournament held in Detroit. Cunningham and rookie Astronaut **Joe Engle** were competing after just a month of practice. NASA Physical Conditioning Director **Joe Garino** reportedly put them into it—archery, he claims, strengthens the fingers, which tend to tute in space. Despite being paired with professionals, Cunningham and Engle placed far back in the men's open team division, but they ranked well ahead in the affections of the audience, and Garino must have rejoiced to see the exercise those feeble fingers got signing autographs.

HEW Secretary Robert Finch, an ex-paratrooper, recently had a go at parakiting, a sport that involves being lobbed by a parachute pulled by a speedboat. It took more time than it was sup-

posed to for Finch to go up, but less time than it was supposed to for him to come down—a rope broke and the Secretary dropped 150 feet into Acapulco Bay. "It was great for my education," he observed, "but not for my health and welfare."

Cameron Mitchell, who plays Beck in TV's *The Hush* Clapnet, designs and collects golf clubs for a hobby. He also plays a mean game of golf, as he proved to his partner, **Jimmy Demaret**, earlier this month at The Champions Golf Club in Houston. "He told us he had an 18 handicap," Demaret said, "but he's much better than that." One of Mitchell's opponents, **Jack Burke**, was more impressed with his putter—which is taped, loaded with weights and bent like a submachine gun—and offered to buy it. Noted Mitchell, "I must own 10,000 clubs and a lot of them I made myself." Including the putter. "It bent when I got furious one day and banged it on the floor," he said.

"She has her own seasick tablets," said **Queen Elizabeth's** physician, and it is presumed that Her Majesty took them for the roughest crossing of New Zealand's Cook Strait she has ever made. Waves towering above the deck of the royal yacht *Briarion* battered the fast officer, Lieutenant Commander D. J. Bird, who was trapped on the fo'c'sle. "I just hung on for dear life," he said when he finally made it to cover, bruised on the hands and about the face. Not so fortunate were three seamen aboard the *Briarion's* escort vessel, the *Waikato*; they were swept overboard and one of them was lost. Arriving at last at Picton, N.Z., Her Majesty, white-faced, disembarked and said, with some restraint, "I did not enjoy the experience."



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inside their battlements and douse themselves with its contents. Within minutes, their womenfolk would pick up the scent. And soon, the city would be left undefended as the men found themselves with something better to do with their time than fight. At that moment, the Romans would march in and take over. And that, we insist, is how the Romans conquered the world.

If you don't believe us and if you doubt the authenticity of ancient frescoes reproduced above, splash a little Bacchus on yourself. Then go out and conquer your own empire.

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A Sebring of feet and feats

Leadfoot Mario Andretti hopped from a failing Ferrari into a live one and beat the Porsche of brokenfoot Steve McQueen by mere seconds

professional, he and Revson made the best of a well-prepared but relatively slow machine—and in the end they almost won the race.

Since the running, Le Mans-style start so beloved at Sebring had been banned this year, the field of 68 got under way on a hot, muggy Saturday morning from a rolling grid. Right from the green flag Andretti underscored the new Ferrari fleetness. Only briefly during the early hours of the race were he and co-driver Arturo Merzario headed by a Porsche—and then only because a minor fuel-vaporization problem forced the car into the pits. By the time the race was a third over, Ferrari 512s were one-two-three, and bad luck was dogging the Porsches. Vic Elford dove into the wrenching hairpin turn and tangled with a poley Lancia, which was nonetheless mean enough to nip a wheel off Elford's car. He proceeded briefly on three wheels—lapping the guilty Lancia once more in the process—and retired. Next, the engine of quick Jo Siffert began running hot. Time spent fixing that, plus suspension trouble, dropped the car back to noncontention.

Then luck swung against Ferrari. Pushing into the sunset, Jacki Ickx's 512—which had been trading first place with Andretti during pit stops—blew a head gasket and dropped out. Third-running Nino Vaccarella's Ferrari blew a tire and bent its suspension, requiring a 24-minute pit stop. That left Andretti leading with what appeared to be the last of the Ferrari chances. A Porsche driven by Daytona winner Pedro Rodriguez and Siffert (who switched over from his car to replace young Leo Kinnunen) was breathing down Mario's neck.

On the 22th lap, with little more than an hour to run, the gearbox of Mario's Ferrari cracked. Great flashes of Italian profanity lit the night. But Mario quickly shifted to the Ferrari of Vaccarella

and Ignazio Giunti, which was now running third behind the Rodriguez/Siffert Porsche and the McQueen/Revson car. Slowly, slowly Andretti eroded his rivals' edge and, with just a quarter of an hour left, moved into second place. And then fate smiled Mario's way.

On the 24th lap the Rodriguez Porsche had a wheel failure, and Mario Andretti was home—but by the skin of his pearly teeth. His winning margin over McQueen and Revson: 23.8 seconds after 12 hours of racing. The winner's distance (1,289.6 miles) and speed (107.29 mph) were records.

If indeed this was the last Sebring, it was a fitting conclusion—a freaky, tough, exciting race, won by a classic Ferrari. However, there will always be a Le Mans, and you will hate yourselves, racing fans, if you miss the one approaching, in which Steve McQueen and the champion of the world, Jackie Stewart, will be paired in a Porsche 917. **END**

Just as each type of motor racing generates its own peculiar ambience—hap for sports cars, straight for stocks—so, too, does each racecourse breed a particular mood. Take Sebring, for instance. It is a kind of high-octane Woodstock, where everyone from the pinkiest matron to the grizzliest mechanic endures discomfort: humidity, sunburn, clogged toilets, surly cops. Yet at the same time, everyone is pulled together by the music of the splendid machines. Drivers hate its rough, pounding, inadequately marked 5.2-mile airport course. Spectators find it difficult to follow the development of the race due to the vast, featureless flatness of the course. But the fates love it as a fine place to play dirty mechanical tricks on cars and drivers.

Last week, as the faithful gathered for the annual running of the 12-hour race, a *fin-de-Siecle* air pervaded the festivities. It was the 20th anniversary of road racing at the old airport—where world-class European-style cars and drivers were introduced in the postwar U.S.—and there were strong rumors that perhaps it might be the last Sebring ever. Or maybe the next to last. The founder and organizer, Alec Ulmann, has just sold off some \$196,400 worth of property on which he had planned to build a new Sebring course.

As practice began on the old one, most of the crowd's attention focused on the Porsche 917s, which finished one-two in the season opener at Daytona (SI, Feb. 9), and the challenging factory Ferrari 512s. In an effort to quicken the red machines, Ferrari had pared off 80 pounds of excess metal. The result: Mario Andretti won the pole with a record clocking of 121.954 mph. The Porsche 917 driven by Switzerland's Jo Siffert and England's Brian Redman was a scant 7.10 mph behind. Also impressive among the top 10 qualifiers were a brace of French Matras driven by Dan Gurney and Henri Pescarolo, and a trio of trim Alfa Romeos, out for their first American run of the year.

Much attention also was paid to movie actor Steve McQueen, who was teamed with Peter Revson in a three-liter Porsche 908. McQueen had broken his left foot in six places during a motorcycle race at Elsinore, Calif., just a week before Sebring, but he concocted a cut-down cast that permitted him to drive 40% of the race, and within seven seconds of Revson's lap times. Dead-cool and totally

RACER McQUEEN rests cast-encased ankle; he had fractured in a motorcycle crack-up.



Out! Short to yellow to red

With superior players, a quietly capable manager and a new color scheme, the Athletics this year hope to draw some spectators for a change



NEW MANAGER John McNamara knew many of his A's when he ran minor league farms.

Last week, as baseball reeled from the challenge of the Curt Flood suit, the Seattle-Milwaukee debacle and the Denny McLain scandal, Charles O. Finley came to the rescue. He proposed coloring the bases red, yellow and blue.

It wasn't much, true, and it embraced only the bases on the home field of Finley's Oakland A's, but it was something. It even suggested to some that a first baseman in Oakland might now be called a red dog, and that a pick-off play to second might be designated sweep yellow (though traditionalists questioned the propriety of coloring the hot corner a cool blue). Whether it would persuade people in Oakland to come out in welcome numbers to watch the A's play remained to be seen.

Last year—even though they had gold, green and white uniforms, white shoes, green faces, Joe DiMaggio, scoreboard cartoons, fireworks, a minstrel combo,

a mule, Reggie Jackson, a fine modern stadium with plenty of safe parking and—more than incidentally—a talented young club that threatened to win the Ameren League's West Division championship, the A's drew a disappointing 778,232 fans, which does not augur well for the team or for baseball.

But—at least in comparison with Finley—there has always been something drab, a less than legendary aura, about his A's. (Finley discourages use of the name Athletics. "Athletics—what the hell does that mean?" he complains. "I like a name that means something." Asked what A's means, he says, "It's the shortest name in baseball.") And long before the A's wandered out of the desert of the American League's second division into Oakland, the Giants, perennial contenders, had turned the area's fans into National League partisans. When a group of A's visited the area that first winter of 1967-68, the players were such blanks to the local folks that they repeatedly had to be reintroduced. The A's finished above .500 in 1968, something they had never done in Kansas City, but nobody noticed.

Last year, the partitioning of the major leagues into East and West divisions threw the maturing A's into a pennant race, and when Jackson broke out in a rash of early-season home runs, the team even had a superstar. But the A's never had a sellout, and only five times during the year, aside from big giveaway promotion nights, did they draw as many as 20,000. Attendance dropped off drastically after Jackson's home runs stopped and the team lost the lead for good to the Minnesota Twins. You can pick your explanation for the lack of interest. It may be that the San Francisco Bay Area will not support two teams. The Giants outdrew the A's last year, but the two clubs' combined attendance was about what the Giants were attracting alone

before the A's arrived. It is chilly at night (a condition Finley is trying to alleviate by giving away A's warmup jackets to buyers of season tickets) and, too, Oakland is not exactly a mecca for tourists. A Giant official says, "Oakland and San Francisco are like Brooklyn and Manhattan. You might go from Brooklyn into Manhattan to see a play, but who's going to go from Manhattan into Brooklyn?" (No Giant official would ever admit that many once did—to see the Dodgers.)

"When I was a youngster living in Alabama," says Finley, "we were always looking for someplace to go. I was bat boy for the Birmingham Barons when they played Houston in the Dixie Series and Dizzy Dean pitched for Houston. In those days all the hell baseball had to do was open the door. Now it has competition. Air conditioning. If you want to sleep under a quilt on the Fourth of July, you just turn up your air conditioning TV. Fast automobiles and superhighways. 'Let's go down and visit Aunt Fanny,' we would say back then—50 miles to Tuscaloosa. Why, hell, it would take you a month to get there. Today 500 miles doesn't mean anything. Today we've got lakes and mountains and all that jazz. Now you've got to make the fan feel wanted and appreciated. You've got to put all the color you can into the game."

Hence, presumably, the tinted bases. "I got the idea from a 15-year-old boy named Bryan Barsamun," Finley says. "All I can take credit for is that I had the good sense to see the merit of it. Bryan Barsamun shall be my guest on Opening Day." The youth, Finley adds, had observed that the colored bases should enable outfielders, faced with the necessity of throwing to the right one, to tell them apart more readily.

But that still leaves the question of how the fans are to tell the players apart. For two years now the A's have been recognized as "a fine young team." Unfortunately, it is fine old players—players with reps and charisma—who draw followings. Only if you like baseball for its own sweet sake do you appreciate Sal Bando at blue base, or Dick Green at yellow, or the way Rick Monday hits. You would pass up a chance to spend the Fourth in a quilt any day to watch Campy Campaneris steal one of his 60-odd bases a year. But none of the A's mainstays has been around long enough

continued

to become a culture hero, not even Jackson, who claimed, during his long hold-out this spring, that he was making more money in land development around Phoenix than he makes in baseball.

Finley's most notable effort to add certifiable baseball luster to the club was his signing of Joe DiMaggio in 1968 as vice-president and coach. There are those who believe that DiMaggio, regarded as the game's epitome of proud reserve, lent a crucial dignity to the A's gaudy uniforms. There are others who feel that of all the possible answers to the question, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" one of the least heartening is, "To the Oakland dugout, wearing gold pants and white shoes." DiMaggio helped coach the team this spring but may stay home in San Francisco during the season. "If the kids have hitting problems," he says, "they know they can find me right across the bridge."

This winter Finley signed on broadcaster Harry Caray, who had been dropped by the Cardinals. Caray says Finley offered him "great money" (reportedly \$90,000) and freedom to develop other jobs. One of the first jobs Harry developed was a sports show in St. Louis (where he continues to make his home), to be broadcast at the same time as the Cardinal announcer's show Seil, Caray's penetrating "Going, going, gone" enthusiasm at the mike might hypo interest in the A's this year.

Meanwhile, back down on the multihued field of play, new Manager John McNamara, who never performed in the majors, is soft-spoken and faceless, too, except for an impressive Hawk Harrelson nose. But McNamara may be the best thing to come along for Oakland since Reggie. He managed many of the A's in the minors, and they obviously get along with him much better than they did with the hard-bitten Hank Bauer last year. McNamara is quiet. He doesn't discuss his working relationship with Finley, and as for the multihued bases, he says, diplomatically, "As long as we occupy 'em, I don't care what color they are."

Occupy 'em they can—that part of the A's operation is sound. If someone will also occupy the stands, and if the outfielders can remember which base is which on the road, after getting used to color coding—someday we may all be singing, "Where have you gone, Bryan Barsamian?"

END

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When the wind comes up, the doctor is absent

One of the world's worst cases of sailing fever has made Stuart Walker, M.D. a small-boat skipper of wide renown. Walker is a man of such tenacity that he has been known to keep racing even when dismasted

Observe the gray-haired man in the picture below. His name is Stuart Walker and he is sailing a cockleshell in a snowstorm. He is sailing on the Severn River near Annapolis. The water is very cold. The wind is very cold. Stuart Walker is very cold. He has his feet hooked under a toe strap so that he can sit outside the boat. The boat is wet. Stuart Walker's seat is wet. His stomach muscles hurt. His face is freezing. His fingers are stiff. Stuart Walker is very happy. The crewmen are not happy. They would like to go ashore and have a nice warm jolt of rum. The skipper will not let them go ashore. He will sail until he has extracted all the day

can give in wind and wave, for he is the dilly-down-daffiest small-boat skipper in all the world.

Although in middle age and not much bigger than a bollard, Walker is also one of the world's best sailors. Many sailing people find this surprising, since Walker has more theories about sailing than a belfry has bats, and at times appears to be applying all of them simultaneously. As one dazzled rival has remarked, "I've heard him say things like the weather pattern over Baltimore today should interact with the pattern over Annapolis and, with an incoming tide and the birds on Greenbury Point singing one note off-key,

the wind should favor the other shore."

Then there is this thing Walker has about gadgets. He is the Hammacher-Schlemmer of the seven seas. Gadgets sprout from his boats like toadstools from a soggy lawn. "I have seen him put five new gadgets on a boat," says a friend, "win a race and then go crazy trying to figure out which one did it."

Walker is an M.D. who teaches pediatrics at the University of Maryland and is head of the department of pediatrics at Mercy Hospital in Baltimore, but he has long since given up private practice in order to have more time for sailing, thinking about sailing, writing books and articles about sailing, lecturing on the subject of sailing and propagandizing heathen landlubbers on its myriad virtues. Occasionally he has time to ponder his own personality, and this has led him down curious byways. "I see myself as Charlie Brown pitching a baseball game in pouring rain," he says. "The field is flooded and nearly everyone has gone home except Charlie, who is up to his knees in water. Lucy says, 'He's an idiot, but you've got to admire him for it.'"

Men who have crewed for Walker would perhaps be reminded of Captain Bligh more poignantly than Charlie Brown, but there is truth in the up-to-his-knees-in-water image all right. Let's face it: when a winter northwester blows in, only mad jocks go sailing for fun on the Severn. Walker does it all the time. It was my dubious pleasure to be in his crew in a Snig sloop not long ago. As we gathered on the dock of the Annapolis Yacht Club, Walker was hatless. He wore a blue track suit with red, white and blue "U.S.A." lettering—a souvenir of Mexico's Olympics, in which

continued

HIKING OUT ON A SOLING SLOOP, WALKER ENJOYS A TYPICALLY ACROBATIC RIDE



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he served as navigator and tactician aboard the 3.5-meter yacht *Cadenza*.

"A chicken, look," someone shouted derisively as a battered sloop, wearing only a scrap of mainsail in deference to the gale, came into view. Walker's response was to toss two more sail bags aboard the Soling. They were not conventional sail bags. They were "turtles," which contain spinnakers, sails meant for balmy days and silken breezes. One could picture the mast catapulting overboard, the decks awash, the boat foundering, then a swim in 40° water.

Anyway, up went the jib and main, and the Soling leaped away from the dock. She flew through water smoothed by the Naval Academy's great gray ice, then from the outer rim of sheltered water into the angry Severn, where whitecaps curled and foamed. As a bitter spray flayed our faces Walker steered and smiled and smiled and smiled.

Walker relinquished the helm momentarily to set up the spinnaker. It filled with a crack and almost instantly launched the sloop on a run that chiseled destroyer-sized waves at her bow and required Walker to steer magnificently against the boat's inclination to broach. (Afterward, a shorebound spectator said the sight of Walker surfing down the Severn was one of the wildest damned things he had ever witnessed.)

"Well," said Walker, when finally he steered for shore, "I guess we stayed on that last tack too long. My face is frozen. But that was fun, wasn't it?"

It should not surprise you that Walker, who sailed Q-boats and Stars on Long Island Sound in the '30s while earning his M.D., volunteered for the paratroops during World War II. He helped occupy Japan and finished out his military career as a divisional surgeon at Fort Bliss, Texas.

Soon Walker discovered Chesapeake Bay, started doctoring as a civilian and bought his first International Fourteen dinghy, *Sea Duty*, thereby beginning a long and passionate affair with that class of boat. In its small way the Fourteen is as sophisticated in hull and complicated in gear as an America's Cup 12-meter. Considerable latitude is given to designers. Some Fourteens are fat, some are thin. Some centerboards move back and forth and from side to side as well as up and down. Sails can change shape

like magic at the tug of a cord. Yet different as one Fourteen may be from another, as a class they are unmistakable. "Without question," says Walker, "the Fourteen is the greatest centerboard boat in the world."

Walker's first crew in *Sea Duty* was his wife, Frances. "She was a great crew," he says, "but she was too incisive. She'd say, 'There's a wind shift over there,' but the wind shift never seemed to materialize. I got her out of the boat quick." Today Frances crews the Walker household.

The America's Cup of dinghy racing is Britain's Prince of Wales Trophy, but with national roles reversed. Until Walker won it in 1964 the host's grip on the trophy had been as tight as ours on that old mug in the New York Yacht Club.

Preliminary races during Prince of Wales week did not go well for Walker. In the last of these he fouled out almost before the race had begun. "Any other sailor," says Bruce Lee, an editor friend of Walker's, "would have gone ashore to belt a few." What Walker did was climb a cliff overlooking the racecourse at Lowestoft to study every yard of water. Then he visited the docks and pubs and grilled fisherfolk for local lore. Finally, he put all his findings on a chart.

This remarkable document provided for every contingency except the sanity of Walker's crew, George (Stovy) Brown, who not only had to cope with the usual array of gadgets but also was expected to play them like a concert pianist. Stripped to its essentials, Walker's master plan told him to hug the shore rather than follow the local practice, which was to look for the strongest winds farther out. Needless to say, the fleet headed out, Walker headed in and Walker won the race.

When he gets philosophical about racing, Walker writes things like, "There are many who, in sailing, are reminded of symbolic conflicts with 'father' or 'brother' and who, in an impulse between stimulated desire to defeat him and a guilty concern that they might, alternate between pressing on to victory and deliberate self-destruction."

Walker himself seems to have very little fear of winning, although one cannot be absolutely sure. There was this race for Fourteens in blustery winds on the Chesapeake in which Walker was

so conspicuously the leader that he could have sculled the last downward leg to the finish line. On rounding the buoy, however, Walker chose the opposite of a safety-first approach and hoisted his spinnaker. This was like driving a car with bald tires on glare ice. As Walker flew toward the line it occurred to him that he might have some difficulty getting the blasted kite down without capsizing. Over the line he went under full sail and on toward Baltimore until the wind subsided enough to tame the kite.

There is a stubborn streak in Walker, which he makes no attempt to conceal. "It is almost impossible to get him to give up, even when his boat is half gone," says St. John Martin, a Marylander who crewed for Walker before becoming a skipper himself. "In one race I sailed against him with the wind gusting to 40 knots. My boat capsized in a particularly vicious puff that simultaneously dismayed Walker." Dismaying is normally a pretty good excuse for quitting a race, but Walker had a bit of a stump left, on which he managed to hang a rag of sail. He limped around the course and finished the race. As a result he placed second in that series rather than third. "Of course," says Martin, "it was worth it to Walker."

Under Walker's guidance the Severn Sailing Association at Annapolis, once an outfit of no particular influence, has become the foremost small-boat sailing club in the U.S. "They asked me to save the association," Walker says with characteristic modesty, "so I saved it." Walker raised money, scouted a new site and goaded club members through weeks of do-it-yourself building to provide a clubhouse and other facilities.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker and their two daughters live not far away in a comfortable place overlooking Luce Creek. One room contains Walker's trophies, including an especially graceful one called the Severn Trophy. Walker executed it himself in stainless steel as a hobbyist and won it as a sailor.

By the way, if you should see a small, gray-haired man giving every evidence of trying to sail a small boat on the lawn of a comfortable house overlooking Luce Creek at Annapolis, do not call the nearest funny farm. That is just good old Stuart Walker tuning up one of his craft.

END

Hap i nes Afloat on the Sea of Cortez

Oh, there were a few sleepless hours from the howling sea lions and screaming gulls, and the plumbing was awry, but there were plenty of big fish and only one tarantula

by JONATHAN RHOADES

Now get this straight once and for all," Vi said through tightly clenched teeth. "I'm not going to any place that has tarantulas and spiders and scorpions, and that's final."

Perhaps I should explain. You see, my wife and I like to take an occasional impulsive vacation, just jump in the car and head out, usually toward someplace where she can catch sunlight and I can catch fish and we can both relax. This time we were 500 miles south of the border: we had been on the road for four days, the car's air conditioner had broken down, and we were no closer to a satisfactory vacation spot than when we started. We had checked out a luxury spa near Guaymas, but I had vetoed the place as too gaudy and un-Mexican. Vi agreed, and we had continued southward.

Lunching at the Santa Anita Hotel in Los Mochas, I had been browsing through various publications that might offer a solution to the problem when my eye was taken by this passage in Norman Ford's *Fabulous Mexico*:

Topolobampo, Sin. A friendly, unspoiled fishing village on a bay 12 miles from Los Mochas. Fishing and skin-diving are excellent—a splendid escapist retreat. Best hotel buys: Yacht Motel. Spotless rooms, good food.

"Sweetie!" I said. "Look at this. It's perfect. And it's 12 miles away!"

I handed her the book, and of course right away she wanted to know what "Sin" meant. "It means Sinaloa," I explained. "That's the state we're in."

"Well, if it's only 12 miles from here," my wife said, "they should know all about it in this hotel."

"Good thinking," I said, and in between the *caminiones* and *casalolus* I stepped into the lobby and up to a counter where an obliging saleslady quickly sold me a dusty book called *Southwestern Utopia* by Thomas A. Robertson. "Thees weel tell you all about Topolobampo," the kindly lady said.

That is where the trouble started. The book had nothing but praise for Topolobampo, but it included a letter from an early visitor who wrote: "... The scorpions, when they sting, which is rare, are harmless and hardly painful; the tarantula has not yet bitten; the spider, such as bites in the States, has bitten, but the same right arm that received the bite is able to write these statements. . . ." When Vi saw that passage, Topolobampo was out.

"Look," I said, "this letter was written in 1887. They don't have scorpions and tarantulas down here anymore. They put a bounty on them, eliminated them completely."

"You're a liar," Vi explained. "You'd go into a *pin* of scorpions if there were any fish there."

My next argument was a stroke of genius. "Look at that name," I said. "Topolobampo. That has to be a care-free, happy place, just what we're looking for. Why, you could play it on a drum! To-po-to-BAM-po!"

"Everybody in the restaurant is looking at you," she said. "Let's get out of here."

The pockmarked road to Topolobampo led across reclaimed salt flats and marshes, some of them dotted with cemeteries and ghost villages, the whole area being converted into farmlands. We passed a penitentiary with big political slogans painted on its sides: ECHVERRIA! ARRIBA Y ADELANTE! I had heard of Echeverría, full name Luis Echeverría Álvarez, destined to be the next president of Mexico, but I had no idea who Arriba and Adelante were. "Probably Echeverría's running mates," I told Vi, whose Spanish is as good as mine. As we came into sight of Topolobampo, we saw Echeverría's name cut into the side of a mountain.

The town itself was distributed loosely on a couple of hills that overlooked one of the world's spectacular bays. Imagine yourself standing atop Telegraph Hill in San Francisco or Mission Hill in San Diego but with only a few hun-

continued



dred dwellings around you and all the rest unspoiled. No bridges, no shipping, hardly any vehicles, just some easy-striding people and a few low mountains and miles and miles of aquamarine harbor. I turned to Vi. "Did you ever see anything like this?" I said. She told me not to bother her, she was studying the terrain for tarantulas. One dusty, choking mile out of town we came upon an authentic wonder of the vacationing world. Forty feet up from the edge of the bay, huddled among the cactus of the steep hillside, was what appeared to be a large yacht or, at any rate, a small ferryboat. The naïve might have thought that the vessel had been tossed there by a *chubasco*, the western Mexican term for a minor hurricane, but we were too sophisticated to be taken in. Instantly we knew that we were looking at a design masterpiece—a hotel disguised as a yacht! How many wanderers had sailed through this same bay and spotted this seagoing vessel up on the hillside and sworn off drinking forever?

We entered through a sliding door that led into a combination dining room and hotel desk—approximately amiships—and were greeted in Spanish by a desk clerk. My wife and I had already agreed to speak Spanish whenever we could—this being touted by travel agents as the quickest way to a Mexican's heart—and after a perusal of the dictionary I whispered, "*Tiene un habitación para dos*."

The Mexican looked blank, and I felt a wave of panic. Then he emitted a loud laugh and said, "Do not worry, señor. I speak excellent henglish."

"Oh, fine," I said, almost embracing him in my pleasure at being let off the hook of my own ignorance. "Do you have a room for two?"

"Certainly, señor," he said. "For how long?"

"Is the fishing good?" I said.

"Excellent."

"Do you have hot and cold running water?"

"We have hot and cold running water, hair conditioning, we serve three meals a day, our rate is \$24 U.S. per day per couple American plan, there is

a bar, and there are fishing boats at our dock."

"Phones?"

"Excuse me, there is no phones."

"We will take one room indefinitely."

I said. My wife tugged at my elbow. Her lips framed the word, "Wait."

"Wait?" I said aloud. "Are you kidding? This is it?"

That is how we became inmates of the Yacht Hotel. I say "inmates" because I have seen more lavish living quarters in maximum-security prisons. The hair conditioner in our room was old and rusty and sounded like a B-52 with engine trouble. For all its noise, it did hardly any useful work. The water came out of the showerhead in a thin stream, and at no time did it ever run hotter than tepid. The cold water was potable, but it tasted like a combination of peanut oil and chemicals. The fixtures were scarred and rusty, and the bathroom floor was slippery from a leaky pipe. But on the other hand the luncheon was humdrum, and a sign was chalked over the front desk: *DUE TO INSUFFICIENT WATER SUPPLY WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HAVE WATER IN OUR SWIMMING POOL UNTIL LATER NOTICE*. Seeking relief for the eyes, we strolled about the grounds. Another leaky water pipe had turned a small plot of grass into a hog wallow; behind the hotel a long trail of rusty tin cans and broken bottles led down to the aquamarine bay, and if you took more than 10 steps in any direction you were picking cactus out of your legs for the rest of the day. "Well, Mr. Temple Fielding," my wife said, "you've done it again."

"Done what?" I said. "I'm perfectly satisfied. Look out there." My gesture took in the broad expanse of the bay, about 20 miles long and six or eight miles wide. A pod of porpoises gambled in the channel, and closer to shore schools of small fish broke from the water in silvery sheets. As we stepped into the corridor that led to the bar, we passed a picture of a man holding a 38-pound bonefish, caught in nearby waters. The old world record had been almost exactly half that size. There was another picture of some fishermen holding snook

that looked to be about 30 pounds each, and a striped marlin hung from the wall. Over the bar was a monstrous roosterfish, one of the more glamorous jacks, and when I commented on the apparent profusion of big fish in the vicinity the barman pointed out that some monstrous yellowtail—another glamorous jack—had also been caught off Topolobampo. "What more could a person ask?" I said to Vi over the only warm frozen daiquiris we had ever tasted.

"Well, let's see," she said. "Hot water, decent drinking water, a bathroom that doesn't leak..."

In a few minutes a squat, curly-haired young man sat down to join us for a drink. He introduced himself as the hotel manager, Cuauhtémoc (Temo) Vazquez, the son of schoolteachers. "How do you like our little establishment?" he said.

"We love it," I said, giving my wife the old elbow. "We came here to get away from the noise and the bustle of the United States, and that's one of the nicest things about your hotel. There are no Americans here."

"Oh, yes," he said, "they're here, but they're all out fishing. You'll see them at dinner tonight."

"Well, I'm sure they're nice quiet Americans if they've picked out this place," I said. "Anyway, I've never met a fisherman I didn't like."

"I have," Vi said.

"By the way," I broke in quickly. "I see everybody's excited about the elections. I've heard that Echeverría's a good man, but how about Arriba and Adelante?"

"Who?" Temo asked.

"Arriba and Adelante," I said. "The two running with Echeverría."

"*Arriba y adelante*," Temo said. "That means upward and onward."

"Oh," I said.

"He's a great kadder," my wife said, pointing to me.

"Yes," Temo said. "He certainly is. Well, he will get along very well with the other Americans here."

That night, forewarned but not forearmed with earplugs, we entered the tiny restaurant to a din that bounced about

continued

★ converse

The record makers



from wall to wall like a bingo party in Jersey City. There were three tables of Americans and each group seemed to be trying to outdo the other in sheer cacophony. Unfortunately, all were well acquainted, and each remark was being made loud enough to be heard by everyone in the restaurant and all the ships at sea. Vi and I huddled at a corner table, speaking in broad Scandinavian accents and keeping our heads close together as though we were honeymooning or engaging in some other private pursuit. Alas, our act did not work. Over the din we heard footsteps and then a loud "Hi!" that sounded as though it had been made by two blackboards being rubbed together. We looked up to see a woman of about 60, her face cracked into a broad, plastic smile, standing alongside our table. "How're you two kids tonight?" Without waiting for an answer, she screeched on: "Some of the

kids at our table were wondering if you'd like to join us?" I looked across the room. The "kids" at her table were all members of the swinging surgical-stock-inset, out to have a good time even if it killed them, and I would as soon have joined a group of pterodactyls. My nerves were already shot just from listening to them across the room. "Thank you very much," I said, rising to a half-standing position, "but my wife and I are kind of tired and we thought we'd just have a quiet dinner."

Instantly the plastic smile disappeared from the woman's face. She fixed me with a pair of steel-blue eyes that might have been transplanted from a timber wolf. "Well!" she said huffily, "then I'm sorry I stopped to visit with you." She pronounced it "viz't."

We spent the next few days in the warm glow of these fellow North Americans. At each mealtime they would take

up their position at one end of the dining room and begin broadcasting their dirty jokes and droll stories, and we would position ourselves as far as possible from them. In the intervals I fished desultorily in the bay, catching a mess of gold-on-silver Spanish mackerel, but despite this balm both of us found our Stateside tensions unrelieved. "It's these damned people," Vi said. "They're exactly what we came here to get away from and we're surrounded by them."

"O.K., then," I said. "I've got an idea." The night before I had been leafing through a fascinating book, *The Sea of Cortez* by Ray Cannon, and I had come across this titillating passage:

"Even to this day, natives around the Sea of Cortez are afraid to approach some of the way-out places. Tales handed down from the logs, records and legends of seafarers told of mountainous walls of water gushing through the chan-

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nels, man-eating sharks and sea serpents, cannibal Indians, wars among the fishes, fowls, and sea monsters, water that turns to blood, magic islands that disappeared and re-appeared within an hour's time, and fearsome and bewitched places where wails of anguish were heard as demons charged down island slopes in the night. Astonishing as it may seem, all of these strange phenomena are basically true and have logical explanations."

Cannon's book was also full of stories about the fishing in this same Sea of Cortez, lying just outside Topolobampo Bay, and gradually I had evolved a plan for enjoying the mysteries of the sea, catching some fish and bidding farewell to our boisterous countrymen. "We will rent the hotel's biggest boat," I said to Vi, "and we'll go around from island to island and fish and see the sights and all."

"That certainly sounds like fun, Mr. Rothschild," Vi said.

"No, no!" I said. "It's cheap. This isn't the United States."

We called in Temo for a consultation. Yes, he said, the hotel had a 52-foot yacht. We could have it for 10 days for \$1,000 U.S., complete with all provisions and a crew of three. Yes, he said, there were fascinating sights to see in the surrounding waters. There was the old man who lived on the island of San José, across the gulf, and who had three wives and 40 sons, caught shark for a living and sold it to city markets as bacalao, or dried cod. If we just brought the old man some tequila for a tongue-loosener, he would entertain us for hours with his memories. And from San José we could pass on to the Island of the Sharks, and the Island of the Sea Lions, and the Island of the Caribbees, and all the other fascinating islands. Temo said that we were very lucky people to be able to cruise around the Sea of Cortez in the hotel's luxurious 52-foot yacht.

"Let's take a look at the boat first," Vi said.

"Why?" I said. "You've seen one 52-footer, you've seen 'em all."

"I haven't seen *aw*," my wife said.

continued

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IT'S SOME BACKYARD

We walked down to the wharf for an inspection visit. The boat appeared to be named the *AL EGO*, but a closer inspection revealed that two of the letters had fallen off and the old name had been *ALLEGRO*. Right there I should have realized something: if a boat's nameplate is in bad shape, the rest of the boat is bound to be worse. But there are people who are qualified to study 52-foot yachts and people who are not. I am not. I strolled through the elderly craft, approving all that I saw, especially the wooden fishing chairs in the stern and the six or eight battered rods that hung in the aft cabin. I pecked into the head and saw a sink with faucets for hot and cold water, and a small-but-honest toilet. Who could ask for more? "We'll take it," I said.

"We'll talk to Temo some more," my wife said.

Temo assured us we were lucky to get such a bargain trip for only \$1,000.

He admitted that the *AL EGO* was about to have its 44th birthday, but that only proved how seaworthy she was. He told us to think of all the other vessels

made since 1926 that were now rusting at the bottom of the sea, including some big ones like the *Anaconda* Doria. The *AL EGO*, with its twin diesels, cruised at 12 to 15 knots, and the *chubasco* did not exist that would sink her. "O.K.," I said, "we'll leave tomorrow. We'll take her for 10 days, and we'll need 10 bottles of tequila for barrier with the natives, 10 bottles of wine for our evening meals, and a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of Kahliu."

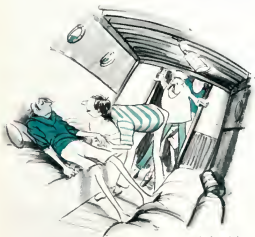
Mexico being Mexico, we left two days later. We had forgotten that we had told Temo to lay in the alcohol supply, and when we hauled our freshly purchased 22 bottles aboard, we found another 22 bottles already there. The captain of the *AL EGO*, a *sinyefico* 32-year-old villager named Carlos Ureña Olivarria, and a crewman, Carlos' truck driver brother, Raul, 38, gazed at us querulously as we loaded the second consignment of liquor aboard, but they refrained from comment. We hauled away from the wharf just after noon on a bright and clear day, and I confess it gave me great satisfaction to stand on the afterdeck and

watch those noisy *grágor* gawk at us from the dining room. Temo waved a farewell from the balcony of the hotel, but I did not respond for fear that the obnoxious guests would think that I was waving at them. "A middle-aged man!" my wife hunched as she waved her handkerchief. "How long are you expecting your childhood to last?"

I said that another 11 or 12 years would about do it.

Our route took us directly past the town docks of Topolobampo, and I was surprised to see Captain Carlos steer us over to the main dock and begin a series of backings and fillings that indicated he was waiting for something. The townspeople clustered alongside and gawked at us, and for the first time I realized that we were an event. Two 50-gallon drums of fuel were lashed to our deck, and we towed a 16-foot skiff, and everywhere one looked there were mangoes and papayas and bottles of liquor and case after case of soft drinks. "What are we waiting for?" I asked Carlos, but a failure of communication overcame us both. After another half an hour a tiny, very dark Mexican came running full tilt down the main street, flipped a tall package to crewman Raul and jumped aboard. He proved to be a third Ureña brother, Manuel, 20, and the package that delayed us turned out to contain about 100 tortillas, steaming hot. I was reminded of the old joke about the El Al airliner that doubled back to New York for the pickles, but luckily the language barrier prevented me from telling it to anyone except my wife, who said that I was a bigot.

At last we were off. Our first stop was scheduled to be an *islot*, or island, called El Farallon, 15 miles offshore. Temo had told us that Farallon was the third largest solid-rock island in the world, and that we should spend at least one night in its lee. But as we rocked and trembled in the din set up by the two ancient Gray Marine Diesels, we barely appeared to be making headway, and I wondered if we would reach Farallon before dark. I communicated my apprehension to Carlos, who pointed out that the *AL EGO*'s hull had not been



Look, if you don't want to make this cruise, squeeze my hand

scraped in a long time, and she was being slowed by the barnacles that clung to her bottom. Without the barnacles, he explained, she would do a steady nine or 10 knots. I wanted to ask what had happened to the 12 to 15 knots that Temo had promised me, but I knew I was hopeless to express such a complex thought in Spanish. "*Me caso, tu caso.*" I said, by way of being friendly, and disappeared below to our quarters.

Almost three hours after leaving the town dock, we reached Farallon Island, and no matter how many times I reviewed the mathematics in my mind, the average came out to six or seven knots. But my annoyance was quickly drowned in the wonderment of Farallon. It was, indeed, a solid rock island, slightly under 500 feet in height, perhaps a quarter of a mile or half a mile long, and cliffed all around. There were only a few narrow strips of shoreline, made up of coarse stones, sea lions fought for every inch. Offshore, rocks that looked like old teeth stuck up through foaming seas, and I noticed that Carlos kept about 100 yards away from the nearest one. Now that we were huddled directly under the cliffs, I could identify the thousands of specks that had taken shape on the cliffside like flies. They were seabirds—gulls and boobies and frigate birds and pelicans and another dozen or so unidentifiable species—and the yellow-white frosting that covered the whole island was guano, bird droppings. "It's beautiful!" Vi said, and somehow it was. As we watched, whole flocks of birds seemed to take turns landing and taking off, as though there were not enough room for all at once. They came wheeling down the wind and right over our boat, whistling and screaming and looking for handouts. I could make out several nests hundreds of feet up the sheer sides. "My God," I said, "suppose they fell from there?"

"They're birds, remember?" Vi said. "They'll manage."

Carlos came aft and made fishing motions, and soon we were sitting in the fighting chairs trolling a white feather and a plug on a steel line that went deep. While Raul and Carlos bemoaned

continued

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Hapi nes continued

the poor fishing and tried to explain that we had come at the wrong time of the year, we caught five- and 10-pound Spanish mackerel until our arms ached. We had two heavy hookups on the steel line and lost both. One of the deep-running fish snagged the 300-pound-test line on a rock and snapped it; the other pulled a set of treble hooks out of its socket. At dark the action ceased, and we were fatigued and just as glad. Tomorrow we would cross 100 miles of open water to the fascinating islands on the other side of the gulf.

As Carlos dragged the anchor looking for a hold, Vi stepped into the bathroom to prepare for dinner. "Would you see what you can do with these faucets?" she called out to me.

I twisted and yanked at the two faucets, but without result. When the *AL EG O* was solidly at anchor, I called Carlos in for a consultation. At first I could not believe my ears, putting the whole mix up down to another linguistic failure, but when Carlos finally said, "Man buarto," I got the message. The faucets were dummies. They made the washroom look "mas buarto"—more pretty. When one wanted to wash up, one dipped a bucket over the side and poured salt water into the sink. "How about the toilet?" I asked. "Is it a dummy, too?" As matters developed, the toilet was not a dummy, but it had a tendency to go dead at crucial moments, or emit an eerie blue shower of sparks from its ancient motor. These are items that a less stupid yachtsman would have checked before leaving Topolobampo, but I am not one of your less stupid yachtsmen. There were other points that I seemed to have overlooked. The crew's quarters were forward, and Vi and I were assigned to a pair of bunks between the main cabin and the stern. The kitchen—four tiny burners set into a niche in the wall—was also in our cabin, and that meant that Manuel, the cook, was in our private quarters about six hours a day. Now if you *have* to be joined on your dream cruise by a third person, Manuel is a long way from being the worst. He was a pleasant, kindly young man with a genuine flair for cooking.

But after four years of marriage, did we *have* to be chaperoned? To make matters worse, Carlos and Raul and Manuel sat on the stairs leading to the main cabin and stared at us as we ate our first meal and drank our first bottle of Mexican wine (the whites are good; the reds are metallic). We endured their gaze through five or six delicious courses, slowly sipping our wine, but at last I was constrained to dig into my Langenscheidt Universal Dictionary and put together the question: "Huh?"

After much gesturing and consultation, the three brothers explained that they had never seen two people go to sea for a short cruise in the company of 44 ("cuarenta y cuatro") bottles of booze. Now they were studying us to see just how many we would put away at one sitting. I tried to explain how the peculiar situation had come about but got nowhere. At last I solved the problem by digging out a bottle of tequila and turning it over to Carlos "con mi camphormiento." The three-man crew disappeared into their quarters forward, and soon the merry sounds of *Jalisco* and *Cielito Lindo* echoed through the boat.

In an hour or so we turned out our lights and crawled into the thin slabs of bedding provided for each of us. A mysterious drip of icy water had soured the foot end of my bed, but I did not see what could be done about it at this time of the night. Probably some spray had found its way through a crack on the crossing from Topolobampo to the island. "At last," I said, as the boat rocked gently at anchor. "Just you and me and the island."

"Yeah," Vi said, "and Carlos and Raul and Manuel."

I lifted my head to see three curly black heads peering down the stairway at us. "E's hoyay, *Almirante*!" Raul said thickly.

"E's hoyay," I said. I removed a sheet from my bunk and stretched it across the areaway for privacy. Then I turned on my pocket flashlight and looked up *almirante*. It meant "admiral." A full moon was working its way up and beginning to shine through the open hatch to the stern. "Well, it took some do-

ing." I said softly, "but now we are alone." From Vi's bunk there were only the sounds of heavy breathing.

By 11 p.m. I had given up on sleep and sat disconsolately on the edge of my bunk trying to figure out why a man would take such pains to punish himself. Not that the bunk had been all that bad. The moisture around my feet had warmed up until I was hardly aware of it, and I had soon become accustomed to the fact that the bulkhead was about one inch above my nose and the slightest upward movement was dangerous. Indeed, I had slept fitfully an hour or so before being awakened by the most terrifying noises. Sea lions are popularly thought to bark, and the adjective most often used to describe them is "raucous." But the truth is that sea lion racket is infinitely variable. One of them kept swimming up to the stern of the boat and emitting a sound like the entire trombone section of the Boston Philharmonic, and another made the most repulsive retching noises, succeeding in recreating Broadway and 42nd Street at midnight on New Year's Eve. Some of them screamed and some of them bawled, and some of them sounded almost human. There was one that kept grunting what sounded like "Jon" in a sepulchral voice, causing me to wake up and say "What?" and bump my head on the bulkhead several times. As though this din were not enough, the seabirds emitted a constant obbligato of screech from their perches high on the rock. I could not see what they were doing, but something about the full Mexican moon made them do it merrily.

At midnight I took a sleeping pill, precisely the sort of sleep I had come to Mexico to avoid, and just as its soporific effect was beginning to course through my body, I heard an untuned outboard motor and saw a brilliant white light pierce the porthole. I scrambled to my feet and out on the deck just as a small boat pulled alongside. The white light came from a lantern suspended from a short mast; apparently the three men aboard were night fishermen, and the lantern was used to attract fish. I didn't have the slightest idea how to tell

them that we were sleeping, so I simply stood there clad only in my undershirt and shouted "Hovla!" in an imperious manner.

"Hold!" one of them called back.

"Adios!" I said, gesturing violently away from the boat.

"*Adios*," one of them said, and they gunned the engine and sped off. I crawled back into the covers and heard the outboard spitting and snapping. Apparently they were going to spend the night fishing around our boat. It wasn't so bad. They helped to drown out the sounds of the sea lions. Vi awoke at 6 a.m. and saw me sitting in a fishing chair. "How long have you been up?" she said, cheerfully.

"Seven hours," I said.

Breakfast was served. The first course was sliced papaya in heaping mounds on dashes big enough for a chateaubriand. Then came corn flakes and milk, followed by *huevos rancheros*—fried eggs immersed in a sauce hot enough to melt a hole in the plate. Accompanying the eggs was a stack of hot tortillas, plus toast and butter, and accompanying everything were cavernous cups of black, strong Mexican coffee. I began to come to life. "Hokay, hokay!" I said to Vi as the last dish was cleared away. "Now we start our great adventure!" The skiff was hauled aboard and lashed to the deck; the engines were run up and checked; the anchor was hauled clear, and we were on our way across 100 miles of bounding main. At about six knots,

As we came around the head of Farallón Rock and into the open Gulf of California, the *AL EGO* D shuddered. Long combers rolled down from the north and crashed broadside athwart our bows. Lying all night in the lee of the islet, we had not realized how tall the seas were running. Vi popped a Dramamine and I opened a book. When I had read the first page about six times, I turned and looked at Vi. Her hands were in a supplicatory position. The boat heaved and rocked, and chunky Raul, the erswile truck driver, made a beeline down the steps and through our cabin toward the stern. A few minutes later he wobbled

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back into sight, his normally swarthy Gasguinesque face changed into a chalky-white Modigliani. I went up to talk to Carlos. He explained that the high seas were more or less normal and that we could expect them all the way across. I asked how long it would take to get to the fascinating islands on the other side. "Doce o trece horas," Carlos answered. When I whipped out my Langenscheidt and saw that he had said "12 or 13 hours," I ducked belowdecks and knelt beside my wife. "Sweetheart," I said. "How bad do you want to see the old man with the three wives and the Island of the Cannibals and all that stuff?"

Her mouth had been hanging slightly open and her eyes had been half-shut. Her answer to my question seemed to be to open her mouth a little more and shut her eyes all the way. "Look," I said, taking her cold hand. "If you don't want to make this crossing, squeeze my hand." She squeezed faintly.

I bounded up into the cabin. "Carlos," I said. "Andele back." I pointed toward El Farallon, which still seemed to lie only a few hundred yards off our stern after an hour's sail. He looked deep into my eyes, at first quizzically, then pleasantly, and then happily. He swung the wheel sharply and the three brothers came together in the cabin to find out what was going on. The last I heard, they were cheering.

So that is my explanation of how we came to lie alongside El Farallon, 15 miles from our home port of Topolobampo, with two drums of extra fuel on our deck, fruit and foodstuffs and *agua pura* and 44 bottles of liquor and enough of everything to last for 10 days at sea. We fished our fool heads off,

and that is my idea of a perfect vacation. To be sure, the tariff was still \$100 a day, and local fishermen who had heard about the deal drove up in their long boats by the dozens to take a closer look at the *gringos* who had left for the great adventure across the Gulf and chattered out at the Farallon. We waved at them and gave them some of our catch and generally tried to create the impression that we were in our right minds. And looking back on it now, I firmly believe we were. I have been fishing for close to 40 years, and in the middle of our sojourn I had the day of days. The seas had turned rough again, and somehow every fish in the Gulf of California had decided to join us in the lee of the guano-covered island. I broke off seven fish on the steel line (Carlos guessed that they were groupers or giant black sea bass and that they weighed in the area of 500 pounds each) and caught at least 70 others. We didn't even have to troll to get hookups. As fast as I would cast and hook and boat a fish, Carlos would hand me his rod with another one on the end of it. We caught bonito, skipjack, Spanish mackerel, jack crevalle, yellowtail, triggerfish, sea bass, groupers and half a dozen other species, and just as the sun was bleeding down into the western horizon something thumped my white jig and punished my tired arms and my light tackle for nearly an hour. Carlos had a Mexican name for the 75-pound fish as it came over the side all silver and gold in the dusk, but its coloration and bright head stripes and falcate tail identified it to me as an amberjack, a new addition to my life list, and more welcome than a 1,000-pound black marlin.

In a few days the boat broke down, and we had to limp back into Topolobampo and hang around the hotel for two days waiting for a new part. Before that the engine caught fire and filled the cabin with choking fumes, and the toilet continued to shower sparks, and another miniature *chubasco* came up and tossed us around like jumping beans, and the tortillas grew a little old and chewy. But we learned to accept all this as the price of great fishing. We even made our peace with the sea lions. As the moon waned, so did their bellowing, and one of them took to coming alongside to get his back scratched with the flat side of the gaff. Three killer whales frisked around the *AL EGO* one day, their tall dorsal fins scything through the water, while the sea lions inched high up on the rocks and waited for the all clear. Porpoises porpoised all around us, and once we saw a great freight train of a shadow in the water—a giant ray sieving the sea for plankton. At night we enjoyed sumptuous meals, exuberant Mexican music from the boat's radio and a certain amount of liquor. We finished the trip with 31 bottles, but then no one's planning is perfect. We left 29 behind at Topolobampo, and we have been given to understand that we will be welcome back at any time. Nothing could please me more.

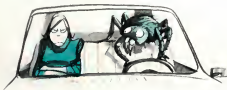
Oh, yes, I can hear the discerning reader say, it was a splendid vacation for you. But how about poor Vi, stranded on an ancient boat reeking with fish and fishermen, bobbing about in high seas and existing on a diet of Dramamine, and not even having the benefit of a decent bathroom? I will admit that the same question crossed my mind after the trip was over. "Tell me, sweetheart," I said, as we drove back through Los Mochis headed for the border, "did you have a nice time?"

"Oh, yes," she said, supersweetly.

I could not resist pressing my point. "Ha, ha," I said, "did you see any tarantulas?"

"Only one," she said.

I don't know what she meant by that. I had been in exactly the same places, and I hadn't seen any.





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NAME	AMT.	NAME	AMT.	NAME	AMT.
1860 TOMMY NOBIS Atlanta		8875 DEACON JONES Los Ang.		1A35 JIM NANCE Boston	
1864 JIMMIE COFFEY Atlanta		1884 G WASHINGTON Minn		2A15 JACK KEMP Buffalo	
2908 JOHN MACKAY Balt.		5830 BILL BROWN Minnesota		3A42 WARREN MCKEE Cinc.	
3841 TOM MATTE Baltimore		6847 BILL KILMER New Or.		5890 GEORGE WEBSTER Houst.	
3850 BICK BUTKUS Chicago		12N16 NORM SNEAD Phila.		6A16 LEN DAWSON Kansas	
3N40 GALE SAYERS Chicago		12N18 BEN HAWKINS Phila.		6A21 MIKE GARRETT Kansas	
4N44 LEROY KELLY Cleveland		13N10 KENT NIX Pittsburgh		7A12 BOB CRUISE Miami	
5N30 DAN REEVES Dallas		13N47 MARY WOODSON Pitt.		7A39 LARRY CSORNA Miami	
5N74 BOB LILLY Dallas		13N34 ANDY RUSSELL Pitt.		8A12 JOE NAMATH New York	
6N24 MEL FARR Denver		14N12 CHARLEY JOHNSON St. L.		8A83 GEO. SAUER New York	
6N20 LEM BARNES Dayton		14N25 JIM BAUER St. Louis		8A23 DON MAYNARD N.Y.	
7N15 BART STARR Green Bay		15N22 JOHN BROOKE San Fran.		9A3 DARYLE LAMONICA Oak.	
7N23 JIM CRABOWSKI G.B.		16N8 S. JURENSEN Wash.		10A40 PETE BARNASZAK Oak.	
7N66 RAY NITSCHE G.B.		16N42 CHARLEY TAYLOR Wash.		10A19 LANCE ALWORTH San D.	
8N18 ROMAN GABRIEL L.A.		2A36 O.J. SIMPSON Buffalo		10A21 JOHN RADD San Diego	

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The All-England tournament, the sport's unofficial world championship, ended with KUDDY HARRISON of Indonesia winning his third straight title by defeating Steve Pineda of Denmark. The women's crown went to ETSUKO TAKEYAKA of Japan, who beat Mrs. Brother Nakano of England 11-1, 11-4.

BASKETBALL—NBA: Willis Reed, New York's top scorer with an average of 28.6 points, became the first Knick ever to receive the NBA's Most Valuable Player Award, drawing 611 votes in the balloting. Jerry West of Los Angeles, the league's leading scorer, was second with 511. Meanwhile, New York's having clinched the Eastern title last week, retained and lost four games, including a 109-102 defeat by Atlanta that secured the Western Division crown for the Hawks. It was Atlanta's fourth straight victory over the Knicks and gave them a 4-2 edge in the season series, the greatest in the NBA to have an advantage over New York.

BASEBALL—NBA: Indiana won the Eastern Division title for the second time, wrapping it up with a 114-100 victory over third-place Charlotte before 8,493 fans at the Anderson (Ind.) High School gym. Then Indiana lost to Western Division leader Denver 128-112, and Rocky Carroll was selected MVP. "I think we've got a good chance of winning it all in the playoffs," he said. "I've got a stronger back than I have and we've got Spencer Haywood." Then the Rockets dropped their next game 94-82 to Pittsburgh—but won a 126-89 victory over California before the shooting at Hayward, who hit 37, 67 in a quiet and a half back of Denver as the Washington Caps, who logged a 3-1 week and moved to second, replacing the ailing Dallas Chaparrals.

BASEBALL—NFL: Miami (1-4), Buffalo (2-3), Baltimore (1-3), Philadelphia (1-3), Cincinnati (0-5), Boston (1-4), Detroit (0-5), New Atlanta (0-5), New York (0-5), Chicago (0-5), Houston (0-5), San Francisco (0-5), San Diego (0-5).
AFL: New York (1-4), Kansas City (1-4), Cincinnati (2-3), New York (2-3), Pittsburgh (1-4), Miami (0-5), St. Louis (0-5), Washington (0-5), Dallas (0-5), Denver (0-5), New Orleans (0-5).

COLLEGE—UCLA captured its fourth consecutive NCAA championship with an 80-66 victory over Jacksonville University in the final at College Park, Md. (6) de New York's Marist College. The Garden of the MARQUETTE Warriors won the NIT crown by defeating St. John's 65-51. (page 27)

BOWLING—MIKE McDONALD of El Comas, Calif. won \$10,000 and a new automobile by defeating Dave Davis of Miami 118-102 in the final of the PBA's Cougar Open in Miami.

BOXING—Fighting in Bangkok, Thailand's CHANGCHAI CHONGKUNIPAN won the world flyweight title with a 15-round decision over Eliseo Torres. Defending his world senior middleweight title, FREDDIE LITTLE of Las Vegas defeated George Padonov in a 15-round match in Berlin. Heavyweight JERRY QUARRY of Baltimore, Cal. won a unanimous decision over George (Doc) Johnson of Los Angeles after 10 rounds. Middleweight of Los Angeles, Andy Armstrong, won the world bantamweight championship, KLEIN DELVARES, scored a notable knockout when Rocky Garcia of the Philippines failed to answer the bell for the sixth round at San Antonio. At the annual Golden Gloves championships at Las Vegas Lawrence Thompson of Chicago beat Lawrence Proctor of San Francisco for the bantamweight title, and Earl Wright of Texas took the men's championship with a unanimous decision. DANNY MICHELINO in the 112-pound class, JAMES BUCHHEI in 125 pounds and MELVIN DENNIS in 147.

BOWLING—The Canadians, skipped by Don Dennis and captained by the world champion by beating Scotland 11-4 in the final at Las Vegas, N.V.

HOCKEY—Chicago's PAUL HAGER earned his fourth U.S. Hockey All-American honor in five years with a 2-5, 21-3 win over Los Angeles at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

HAWKES BROWN—"We take on one of the best of the rest of the season," said the D.C. club, the Redskins, March after his FLORENCE BROWN (57-00), a 19-year-old right time fly driven by George Smith, played to a starlight victory over Seattle's Daney. Timely News in the fly division of the 340th Florida Women's State at Pensacola.

Park Florida Board won a 2010, seven time the year for one 5-year-old over a five-year, or half-year, in the 1970s. In 1970, a 6-10-10 (151 001) owned by Tim Sheehan of Rocky River, Ohio and driven by Bruce Seckels, was awarded first place after the six-year-old Seckels' first claim against Tropical Time, owned by Sam O'Neil, for interference in the stretch.

HOCKEY—NHL: Boston lost a 5-4 game to the surprising Minnesota North Star, marking only the second time the Bruins have been defeated by the new Division team this season, and wound up the week only one point in front of Chicago and just one point after the two four-point New York Islanders and New York. The Rangers put in a 1-1-1 week, beating Pittsburgh 2-0, but slipped from a tie for second to a tie for fourth with Minnesota and a 3-2 tie with Philadelphia. There were no changes in the Western Division standings although third-place Los Angeles moved to within one point of second-place Pittsburgh.

NHL—East Boston (1-1-1), Chicago (1-1-2), Detroit (1-1-1), Montreal (0-2-1), New York (0-1-1), Toronto (1-1-1), West St. Louis (1-1-1), Pittsburgh (0-2-1), Philadelphia (0-2-1), Minnesota (1-1-1), Oakland (0-2-1), Los Angeles (0-2-1).

COLLEGE—CORNELL (2-0-1) 29-game undefeated season by beating Clarkson College 4-0 for the NCAA crown at Lake Placid, N.Y.

HORSE RACING—Argentine-born SNOW SPORT, a 3-year-old by FLEET TABLE (1960) and the 4-year-old by Alvaro Penola, broke 2-1/2 lengths ahead of Troopmaster to win the \$125,000 Gulfstream Park Handicap. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1 1/2-mile course in a slow 2:34.

Ted Gary's CORN OFF THE COB 154 (20), with Angel Condor Jr. in the saddle, recorded a 3 1/2-length victory over Naska in the \$34,000 Futurity of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream, covering the 1 1/2-mile distance in 1:44 1/2.

The two divisions of the \$55,100 San Luis Rey Handicap won by FLEET TABLE (1960) and the 4-year-old by Alvaro Penola, broke 2-1/2 lengths ahead of Troopmaster to win the \$125,000 Gulfstream Park Handicap. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1 1/2-mile course in a slow 2:34.

Russell Brown rode James Edmonds' JIM'S ALIBIAI (1960) to win the city's third victory, over Liza, in the \$125,000 Louisiana Derby at the New Orleans Fair Grounds.

Raymond Gault's LASCARGOT, a 3-year-old stallion by Torrey Carberry, edged French Tan to win the 21-furlong, \$25,000 Chestnut Grove Cup at Cheltenham, England.

HOT SPOTS—It took two Tentative to be the victor over who broke down, but MARCO ANDRETTI rolled to a 23-second victory in the 12 Hours of Sebring (page 27).

TELEVISION—A 2 1/2-hour, live-out match in Sydney, Australia. RUDY LAVER, former Ken Rosewall 3-6-2, 3-6-2, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1 for the \$5,000 first prize at the 328 Open Durban International.

WEIGHT LIFTING—Rostov strong men broke three world records at the Friendship Cup meet in Moscow, supporting weight VASILE ALEXIYEV, entered 485 1/2 pounds, snatched 774 1/2 and pressed 515 for a record total of 1,523 1/2. Then STANISLAV BAZDZHEVY broke the world mark with a press of 574 1/2 and bantamweight K. AR. LUTAK got the third round with a snatch of 355 pounds.

MISCELLANEOUS—As president of the Los Angeles Dodgers, PETER O'MALLEY, whose father, Walter O'Malley, will take on the new role of chairman of the board of O'Malley, who became the youngest top executive in baseball at 32, said, "I feel fortunate to have absorbed such a fine on the job. There will be no changes now or in the foreseeable future."

RUGGLED—Basketball coaching losses at three colleges. Moving out at Memphis State will be GENE BAKER, who compiled a 31-49 record in six years at Valparaiso University, replacing Henry O'Mel, who, whose death have with only three Memphis Valley Conference games in three seasons. At Clemson TAYLOR (1961) LUTAK, who directed Miami of Ohio to a 19-year-39-42 mark and the 1969 Mid-American Conference championship, will succeed Bobby Roberts, who is retiring after eight years. And at Fordham LOU CONLIN, the school's former All-American and a seven year player in the NBA, will be replaced after a 10-15 season, Fordham's record in five years.

CREDITS	
6—Sherry Tenger, 17—Don Larson, 18—Rick Clark, 19—Ned Geller, 20—21—Scott Thompson, 22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MECHANICAL INTRUDER

Sirs:

My sincerest thanks to Jack Olsen and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for the overdue article, *Bad Snow Out in the Cold Snow* (March 16). In past years my state has felt the vicious onslaught of snowmobiles. The blast of this mechanical intruder has sorely infected all but the most remote places where an individual can ponder the serenity of the winter wilderness or the hush of the freshly fallen snow. I have witnessed the effect of these machines upon our vanishing wildlife. Those hidden knolls, where deer enjoyed the early sun, or the alder thickets, which sheltered pheasants from drifting snow, stand like barren deserts beaten by the tracks of this menacing machine. The damage done to developing seedlings and cover foliage is immeasurable. If we are to preserve the remnants of our wildlife resources, the use of these damnable vehicles must be sharply curtailed!

JEFFREY P. ANDERSON

Minneapolis

Sirs:

Your article was a timely, well-written attack on a very serious menace to the American wilderness. It was also a sad paradox of another SI article, *Hot Tips for Cold Days* (Jan. 26), in which the virtues of winter back-packing were extolled. We need more of James Phillips and fewer snowmobiles.

The saddest effect of snowmobiling, to me, is that people can now easily reach remote areas of snow-covered wilderness previously "reserved" for those who were willing to take the effort to snowshoe or ski in. To adapt an old adage, "One never appreciates the wilderness until he works hard to reach it." The foul record of snowmobiling speaks for itself. Let's hope that rigorous snowmobile regulations are enacted before one of man's last refuges goes to ruin.

ALAN KILSO

Columbia, Mo.

Sirs:

So snowmobiles are the worst recreation to come along in years? I'll admit that there are people who are bad for the sport, but we also have college kids who are bad for the colleges across the U.S., and it's these bad eggs who get all the publicity.

How about the economic factor the snowmobile has brought to the northern reaches of snow-belt states? How about the six retired people who spent their winters visiting the doctor until they bought snowmobiles? Their doctor hasn't seen them all winter. How about the 14-year-old boy who saved a family of four with a snowmobile in one of the snow-belt states? How about

the snowmobile races they have every weekend that provide entertainment for thousands of people? For the record, there were 35,000 spectators at the International 500 race in Saint-Sauveur, Maine, and, I might add, not one driver was injured.

Yes, there are some people who abuse the sport, but there are also a lot of families who look forward to it for winter entertainment. I know my family does.

RUN WALKER

Flint, Mich.

Sirs:

I doubt if there is a man alive who is more prejudiced against snowmobiles than Jack Olsen. It is obvious that he isn't a fan of this fantastic sport.

Naturally, the safety of snowmobiling as well as the enjoyment one gets from it depends upon the individual. Who is to blame when a parent allows a small child to operate a snowmobile and an accident occurs? It should be apparent to all that the adult and not the snowmobile is responsible for such accidents. Common sense is the key to safe snowmobiling. Accidents do happen to snowmobilers and I think Mr. Olsen managed to cite the majority of them in his story.

Truer words were never spoken than by the snowmobile dealer who said, "A new world has been created in the winter months." And, Mr. Olsen, only you could ask what was wrong with the old one.

JOANNA LANPHER

Little Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

We recently attended an event billed as a Winter Carnival. To our dismay and profound discomfort, it was much more like a Cold Inferno, modern American style, with hundreds of snowmobiles and assorted snow vehicles unmercifully assaulting the ears and noses. As a result of the unbearable noise and noxious fumes, we left the "carnival" and retreated 20 miles to a beautiful, serene and little-people park to recover our senses.

If these machines have the effect on our wildlife that Jack Olsen's article points out, then, by all means, our concern must be for the wildlife. Our survival is monitored by the survival of the many other forms of life with which we share Mother Earth, and imperiling their chances of survival certainly imperils ours.

For the sanity of those of us who have not already lost it to King Noise and for the sake of wild creatures and the environment, snowmobiles and their enthusiasts must be restricted, and very soon.

MRS. MICHAEL KRIS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your suggestion for making snowmobiling verboten in hunting areas (at least during the hunting season) certainly merits consideration by our state legislators. There are many large areas that can be utilized equally well by the mechanized sportsman. Making use of these areas could do much to preserve goodwill between the two groups as well as the pattern of life for the wildlife now affected by the snowmobilers.

GLENN D. HOP

Jenison, Mich.

Sirs:

It is not surprising to learn that snowmobilers are completely ignorant of ecology and wildlife. Before the arrival of these noisy, ego-inflating machines, few of this group had ever explored the wilderness, simply because it required the use of their own energy.

PETER TUXEN

Seattle

GALL AND GIRLS

Sirs:

You truly amaze me. No other publication or person (except Mr. Agnew) has ever emerged from brutal criticism without changing its stand somewhat. Your courage and gall are admirable as you continue to exhibit those beautiful females (*The Girls from the Mountains Next Door*, March 16).

JOE ZICKHAUSER

Buffalo

Sirs:

Speaking as the U.S. ladies cross-country ski coach, I must say that SI has done an excellent job, both with pictures and text, of catching the true depth of the sport and the individuals. Sometimes in the consideration of sports for women we emphasize only the determination of the competitor and expose only the athletic side. Photographer Jerry Cooke has certainly brought out the feminine side of these beautiful ladies.

As points of interest, Martha Rockwell was by far our most outstanding Nordic competitor in Europe while Barbara Brich, in her final competition, placed second in a field of Norway's and Sweden's best junior girls.

MARTIN HALL

Hanover, N.H.

EAGLE'S FLIGHT

Sirs:

Congratulations on the article by Hugh Whall on the American Eagle's wild, wet flight and victory (*Eagle on a Wild, Wet Flight*, March 16). It is perhaps one of the

continued



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18TH HOLE *continued*

best-written stories I have ever read on any sport and certainly gives the full impact of ocean racing as well as the determination of the real blue-water racing crews.

It is this type of writing that makes your magazine worthwhile. A "well done" to Hugh Whall.

ROBERT M. ALLAN JR.
U.S. Olympic Yachting Committee
Corona Del Mar, Calif.

RABBIT STEW

Sirs:

Congratulations on your recent article on the phantom tour (*The Ghost Patrol of Golf*, March 9). At last people will learn about the misery of the rabbits and their Hell Mondays. For too long the exempt golfers have been able to sit back and coast into tournaments on the PGA tour. The lame, the weak and the has-beens have had all the breaks.

The truly disturbing thing about the present system is that so many of the golfers who have made it are willing to sit back on their big fat exemptions without displaying any sense of guilt. Just because a player won a tournament back in the days of 5¢ beer doesn't necessarily mean he can still really play the game. That's like saying that a man who makes a hole in one should be automatically granted an eagle any time he plays that particular hole! Yes, I know they deserve something for their outstanding achievement. But does it have to be at the expense of the sport and other players? I feel that any golfer, be he Arnie Palmer or Arnold Gluck, should have to prove he can play well enough to earn some of that Sunday money!

DALE DAY

Wittsburg, Germany

Sirs:

Walter Bingham states: "In the charmed circle are those who have won a PGA championship or a U.S. Open, which makes them exempt for life." If this is so, why did Ben Hogan and, very recently, Arnold Palmer have to qualify to play in the Open?

JOSEPH RUTALO

Livingston, N.J.

* The Open is not a PGA-sponsored event. It is a USGA tournament. Nor does a "lifetime exemption" apply to the Masters, which is invitational — ED.

Sirs:

I have read a variety of articles on the miserable lives of those not-so-publicly known golfers, but this article was the prize for exposing the truest picture. It showed the other side of the golf professional—the horrible side of having to qualify to make enough money to feed his family. It seems that it is this side that needs attention, for

Blood Brother to Six Sioux of Saskatchewan

Scouted by a drinker of lemon extract and signed as a shortstop by the Indians of Fort Qu'Appelle, this part-time mink rancher starred briefly as a pitcher until a thunderstorm struck him out by EZRA BOWEN

It was terribly hot that summer in Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan. Dust lay in a fine powder across bare runs where the road curved past the Mountie's house at the end of town, and at the far side of a field of dry grass the lake was a dismal soup of green algae slowly thickening under the unblinking eye of the prairie sun. My place of employment was a shadeless, brown meadow adjacent to the road. There I spent each day fashioning mink cages from a pile of lumber and wire mesh, pausing from time to time to feed some already caged animals a revolting pâté of sun-ripened horsemeat and fish.

For reasons that no longer seem very sound I had come 2,000 miles from suburban Philadelphia in an expiring, muddied Chevrolet to perform this labor. I had come with my friend Len, whose brother owned the mink ranch that employed us, and we had been lured from home by letters richly embroidered with descriptions of the exquisite fishing thereabouts. My plan had been to pass my off-hours bait-casting on the lake whose springholes, according to legend, were normally a froth of feeding pickerel, while in the shallows, marauding northern pike made life unsafe for anything less vulnerable than an armored truck.

The year I got to this angler's paradise, however, was the year the game fish decided to retire permanently to the lake bottom and so I was forced to seek other recreation. I found it in a crude form of semiprofessional baseball.

I was picked up in an informal draft by the pitcher of the town team (also the town drunk), who wobbled up one day smelling like a lemon lollipop while Len and I were playing catch on our lunch break. His odd fragrance was due to the fact that lemon extract was the one alcoholic beverage legally for sale in Fort Qu'Appelle. In any event we both agreed to play, Len at catcher and I at a position to be determined.

The team's manager-first baseman was a hardware dealer named Bud. Because his store also handled sporting goods—

like balls, bats, bases and catchers' masks—he enjoyed an abnormal amount of leverage in team decisions, such as whether or not he should play, and where. His choice of first base may not have been the wisest one, for his ability to cope with an oncoming baseball was seriously limited by the fact that he was cross-eyed. Each time there was a play at first he was faced with a choice of two balls, one of them illusory. Out of self-preservation he tended to catch the one seemingly coming right at him, which was fine if that was indeed the baseball. Most of the time it was. Other times there would be great lamentation from the stands. Our lemon-flavored pitcher would assume the imploring, upward-gazing stance of Bellini's *St. Francis*. And after much scurrying about the real ball would be located, with the runners now at rest on various advanced bases.

By trade and limitation I was a first baseman myself, that being the safest place on a normal team to stash a slow-footed pull hitter until it is time for him to bat. However, Bud was not about to move off first simply because I was eager to play there, so he presented me to his players as a big college shortstop.

The first two innings went smoothly as the other team kept striking out and popping up. In the third their leadoff man walked. The next batter hit a grounder a yard and a half to my right, making a double play impossible. With an extraordinary effort I did manage to backhand the ball. But when I straightened for the long throw to first I could not locate Bud. By all the conventions of baseball he should have been standing as a target in front of the base. Instead he was low to the earth, one foot on the bag, the other plumed far into the infield, glove extended palm up like a Hindu seeking alms. I let fly. Bud stayed frozen in his stretch, gamely lining up his glove with what unfortunately was the wrong ball. As the real ball shot past, his face took on a puzzled and somewhat betrayed expression. The umpire, having run halfway down the

line from home to cover the play, signaled safe. Whereupon the pitcher went into his Franciscan posture, the spectators booed and the runner continued on to second. Meanwhile, the man who had walked to start the inning suddenly resurfaced at home plate, where he was quite alone. The umpire had not yet returned from first. The pitcher was still imploring the heavens for help. And Len, our catcher, had turned his back.

At this point the umpire called time, and a degree of reality was restored. Up to the final inning the score remained 1-0 despite two more atrocities at first base. Then the pitcher and I doubled back to back. Our next batter hit safely, driving in what proved to be the winning run. The small crowd cheered but melted rapidly away as Bud bore down in an attempt to pass the bat for the players.

If there was any take I never saw it. However, the opposing manager was gracious enough to invite all of us to be his guests at the pub for a couple of lukewarm beers. These became more and more lukewarm beers until, filled with fellowship, we agreed to make it a really big evening by all going to the movies at the town hall, where a cowboy picture was playing. In the opening scene of this particular film a wagon train was under siege by Indians, with Redskins galloping around pouring arrows and gunfire into the circle of wagons. To my surprise every paleface casualty brought shouts of "Way to go!" from the left side of the darkened hall.

"Indians," said Bud, sitting next to me. "Sioux."

While the wagon train was being wiped out to the last man (with accompanying applause for each white death) Bud explained that a tract of land just outside Fort Qu'Appelle had been set aside years ago as a reservation for the local tribes of the Sioux nation. These had been joined on the reserve by descendants of Sitting Bull and his warriors, who had fled north of the Medicine Line after slaughtering Custer at the Little Big

continued

Horn. Eventually the whole population of the reserve had acquired a strong emotional commitment to the memory of Sitting Bull's victory. In their souls the Sioux braves remained undefeated and untied by the white man, though it was all too evident that they had been viciously scored upon by the oppression and deprivation of their lives in a predominantly white world. In 1947 a Sioux in Saskatchewan had no voting rights, no visible property rights off the reservation, was rarely offered a decent job and was not permitted to buy liquor or drink it publicly. Hence the Sioux were deeply pleased to see white men slaughtered, if only in the movies.

Over the years, Fort Qu'Appelle's white men apparently had come to understand or at least tolerate this expression of vicarious vengeance, and they refrained from shouting back when a shot Indian fell to the bottom of the screen. Partly for this reason the mayhem never migrated, as it might have, from the screen to the audience. And, of course, the whites knew they would win in the movie anyway. When this inevitably began to happen toward the middle of the film, a few of the younger braves got up and walked out.

In the street afterward the pitcher fell in step alongside me. "Hey Bowen," he said, leaning close so that no one else could hear, "you want to play more baseball?"

Though it was my feeling we had not yet played any, I refrained from saying so and merely nodded. "I think I can arrange it," he muttered, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together in the classic gesture of the man who can find a fast buck. With a conspiratorial wink he departed, leaving a faint effluvia of lemon on the evening wind. Somewhat puzzled I went to bed.

Nearly a week later Len and I were again throwing a ball around on our lunch hour in the brown meadow when we became aware of a short, powerful man of ruddy-brown complexion standing stock still in the road, watching us. The man stayed there for a long time. He made me uncomfortable and when he beckoned I pretended not to see. But Len went frisking over to him. Likemany big men—and my friend was very big indeed—Len was markedly good-natured. In fact, among all people Len was perhaps the most indefatigably playful man I have ever known. Any ex-

perience which did not include a laugh was a dead loss to Len's way of thinking. Unlike me he abhorred the discipline and drudgery of organized team sports. Nevertheless he was such a fine athlete that back home he kept being pressed into service on this or that football or basketball team and would star briefly at each sport until the coach infuriated by Len's constant laughter and frolicsome disregard for practice sessions, would kick him off. That day in the meadow near Fort Qu'Appelle it was evident that Len smelled a laugh in the swarthy man, who was in fact third baseman for the Senior team of the Standing Buffalo Band of the Sioux.

As the conversation opened, inaudibly far away, Len pointed toward me. Both men looked in my direction, and the Indian said something. Len placed his fists atop one another and swung an imaginary bat. The Indian looked over once more, and I had the odd feeling of being a principal in one of those old Bing Crosby-Bob Hope *Road to Nowhere* movies, wherein Crosby would engage an Arab or African chieftain in this same sort of pantomime, ultimately selling his huddy Hoo into slavery or worse.

Sure enough, Len had sold me. The deal was closed with a handshake. White Man and Red Brother smiled. The Indian walked slowly down the road, and Len returned to our place of labor.

"Congratulations," he said. He then informed me that I was to pitch that evening for the Junior Sioux in a practice game against the Seniors up on the reservation. If I did well I would start at shortstop for the Seniors next day at a neighboring town. Normally the Senior Sioux confined their playing to tournaments, eight- or 16-teams affairs that began in the early morning with a series of five-inning eliminations, went on through seven-inning semifinals and ended with a nine-inning final at dusk. Some of the opposing teams were pretty good; their rosters laced with a surprising number of National Hockey League athletes who lived thereabouts. The crowds were good, too, and the winning team could usually count on picking up a hundred dollars or more to split. In my year, however, the Sioux had slumped badly and were reduced to scratching for peanuts in a single game here and there.

My tryout on the reservation was uneventful except for a brief pause in the first inning when we had to call time to

lead three of the Juniors' horses from short right field, where they had wandered despite the leather hobble around their forefeet. Following the game one of the Seniors approached me. "O.K., Bowen," he said, "you play tomorrow," and he handed over a gray uniform with the red letters S-I-O-U-X across the shirt-front.

That evening, back at our lakeside cabin, we tuned the radio to the second Zule-Graziano fight. Someone had acquired a bottle of real whiskey, so the evening was a wholehearted success for me until Zule got careless and Graziano caught him coming in with a short right. But afterward some good music, got going on the radio, and the last thing I remember was a skinny neighbor boy named Leland, who had a complete set of false teeth, singing *Zip-a-Dee-Do-Do!* along with the Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan station's recorded music. Because his dentures did not fit very well, Leland had to lock his tongue against his upper plate when he sang "Zip." Thus the word came out "Nip." On the third chorus he forgot to lock his tongue, giving the lyric a full-mouthed "Zip." His upper teeth shot out of his mouth, clicked across the floor for a couple of bounces and lay there grinning. Unhushed, Leland poked up the dentures, dusted them off on the back of his short arm, then popped them back in his mouth with a purposeful clomp, to resume his singing. I fell asleep.

I awoke at noon to realize the Moose Jaw station was still on. It was no longer playing *Zip-a-Dee-Do-Do!*. Instead a voice of ecclesiastical timbre was reading *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Three quarters of an hour later he was still reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, though I had by then acquired all the information I needed about Christian, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Neighbor Phable or the Slough of Despond. Before I could move, there was a station break that included a hit by a singing weatherman as follows:

[Lion tamer's] work in a cage,
Except when the temperature's seventy-three.

Then the lions are in a rage,
And he'd rather work in the hall-oo-ee.

We got up to make steak and eggs. Later in the day two cars full of Sioux, one driven by Bud, the other by the town

drunk, rattled down the access road to our cabin. Len and I climbed into our car to follow as the little caravan straightened out onto a dirt road cutting toward a horizon of wheat to the north.

When we arrived at the game site, a pasture just outside a cluster of houses, a strong wind was blowing in from left field, where the grass was very long. To my mild surprise I was sent with the catcher to warm up alongside the lemon-extract king, who was apparently going to start for the Sioux. I should say at this point that there were six brothers on the Sioux team. The rest of the lineup was me, the drunk and someone else I don't remember.

As we took our first throws my fellow pitcher hinted for the first time that he had been my original link to the Sioux. "I was looking you over in that game for the town team," he confided, adding that this time we would surely make some money. I could not then see just how, since the two teams together outnumbered the crowd. As for his scouting me, I sincerely doubted it, although evidently there had been some conversations between him and the hostiles the night of the movie. In any case, he was the only sporting link between the whites in Fort Qu'Appelle and the Sioux on the reservation. As a younger man, when the Sioux were the best team in the district, he had been quite a skillful ballplayer, good enough so the Sioux had cut across ethnic lines to invite him to play. Subsequently he proved himself able also to get firewater after the games. That ended, or so I was told, when the Mountie found out who was running the booze.

Undaunted, he then had turned to supplying lemon extract. When, later, even that treat began to dry up, like his talent for hitting and fielding, the Sioux continued to carry him, out of either habit or loyalty.

By the time the game began, with me as shortstop, the sky beyond left field had turned from blue to a metallic gray. The wind had picked up, blowing grit into our eyes and stirring dust devils along the baselines. We got two runs right away, and for four innings my curious friend's roundhouse curve, helped immeasurably by the still-rising wind, kept the opposing hitters off the bases. By the fifth, however, enormous thunderheads were building in the west. Upset perhaps by the sudden drop in the ba-

rometric pressure, our pitcher blew up.

I was called in to throw, terribly stimulated by the spectacle of my first prairie storm, a phenomenon quite unlike the mammy-pammy thundersqualls that had scared me as a child. Most of the western sky was by now a wild, primitive purple-black, interspersed with luminous, roiling patches of gray. I would estimate the wind as gusting well above 30 knots, with fat raindrops beginning to splatter the infield. There was no hope, however, that the home team would call off the game. For with the help of a scuffed ball and the wind I was producing a curve and knuckleball such as I had never dreamed of before.

In the first of the sixth the wind abated somewhat and the storm appeared to be veering away from us. Still, the sky was a fantasy of crackling electricity, the air rolling with thunder volleys sharp as the fire of a five-inch naval battery. We struck out three in a row, and I went out to pitch again. By that time the pinching rubber, a smallish slab of wood anchored to the ground by a single spike, had become so loosened that the rubber itself was no longer bedded. Only the spike still held. When I pushed off to make the first pitch, the rubber spun around and I fell down. The result was a balloon ball that floated up to the plate very slowly and racketed back with notable speed, coming to rest in right center field for a triple.

I got the next two batters on precarious, windblown, infield flies, but I walked the following pair as the rubber kept slipping around. Then suddenly the storm swept back in our direction, with the wind howling in increased fury from left. I was replaced at the mound by the starting pitcher, who had switched to short. He tossed four straight balls to bring the opposition within one run. With the tying and winning runs now on third and second and the sky almost set black save for brilliant flashes of lightning, I was called back to pitch once more.

Dimly recognizing the figure at the plate as one of their good hitters, I did my best to bear down. He fouled the first ball almost straight up, but the wind carried it over the backstop and out of the game. At that the umpire, for the first time—and with what struck me as unseemly eagerness—produced a newer and far more visible ball. Rain was again spitting down, although there must have been something more mixed in, for I

have never been hit by raindrops quite so solid. My next pitch came in the midst of a great flash of lightning, which unfortunately illuminated the new ball so brilliantly that the batter could not have missed it. And of course he did not. The sound of his bat came just before the thunder and seemed almost as loud.

When last seen clearly, the ball was climbing into the wind toward left field, where our man was retreating at full speed toward the fence. The more the leftfielder fell back, the higher the ball climbed until it seemed to be hanging on the wind high above the diamond. While all this was going on, runners were scoring in great numbers, people on the various benches were sprinting for their cars and the game was either ours or theirs, depending on whether the ball fell over the fence or into our leftfielder's glove.

It did neither. Borne back upon the awesome wind, the ball thudded to the ground no more than 50 feet behind third base just as the third run scored. No one bothered to pick up the ball, since the game was technically over. But for reasons I can only interpret as sheer vanity, the hitter continued on around for an inside-the-park home run, very likely the shortest in history. That, finally, was the ball game and the end of my short summer with the Sioux.

In the 20 years that have passed since then I heard almost nothing from or about Fort Qu'Appelle until I read a magazine story about some Sioux on a reservation in Montana some 100 or so miles south of that where I had played. It stirred me, and I phoned around until I located an Indian native of Fort Qu'Appelle in the Canadian Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development in Ottawa. I opened the telephone conversation by testing the one Fort Qu'Appelle rumor I had heard, that there had been an oil strike. The voice on the other end said no, the oil was farther south, down around Weyburn. But the town sure had changed, he said. For one thing liquor is now legal there, and there are two cocktail lounges. Baseball? Well, there's no baseball as we knew it. That's what the man said, but I do not truly know all this about Fort Qu'Appelle. And I will not find out, for I will never go back. There are some things about that summer and that place that I should never really try to find out for sure.

END

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JOHN J. POWERS

Centerport, N.Y.

Sirs:

Walter Bingham, you really pulled the rabbit out of the hat. Congratulations!

JEFF CLOW

Enid, Okla.

Sirs:

The rabbits have reason to complain, and it is my hope that Commissioner Dey will see that golf is restored to competition among the most deserving and not just the big names, but unless drastic steps are taken to equalize the world of golf more than one future star will be swallowed up in the hectic, incessant world of the rabbit.

JOHN SHAFFER

Indiana, Pa.

COSELLISMS

Sirs:

Ordinarily I would ignore a recent piece by Wilfred Sheed on the theater telecast of the Frazier-Ellis and Foreman-Peralta fights (TV Talk, March 9), but because I respect your publication so much and the quality writing that usually appears in it, I am impelled to comment on Mr. Sheed.

The man admits that he didn't hear what I was saying in the midst of the din in the theater. He then wrote, "The only other Cosellisms I picked up were random words like 'subliminal' and 'horses for courses,' and I still have no idea what they referred to. Maybe the ring was muddy."

The ring was not muddy, but Mr. Sheed's mind is. If he didn't know what I was saying, why make mention of it slurringly? Neither of his examples, by the way, was my own expression. I was quoting Angelo Dundee, Ellis' manager, who had insisted before the fight that Ellis would win because "there are styles for fighters and horses for courses," and that Frazier "subliminally was a one, two, three fighter in his rhythm before delivering a punch, so Jimmy will get him off-rhythm."

Mr. Sheed wrote, "The din was the story." But in the preceding paragraph he said, "I knew it must be Howard Cosell when I heard him salute a weary George Foreman with the words, 'They're boozing you, George.'" If Mr. Sheed wants some Cosellisms, I would advise him that he is incredibly inconsistent and massively unknowledgeable. The din that existed throughout the Frazier fight began with the furor over the decision favoring Foreman, especially the 9-1 count by the referee, Mark Conn. Had I ignored the boos of the crowd, I could have been accused, justifiably, as announcers have so often been in the past, of being a house man. Finally, how could any

continued

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responsible reporter fail to note the open irony that Foreman was regaled as a national hero in Mexico City less than two years ago, and there he was being booed for having struggled to victory over a man years his senior in experience and know-how? This is exactly what I did.

As one who remembers vividly Mr. Sheed's very first piece for SI, and how he quoted Curt Gowdy as saying something at a game Gowdy never even covered, I have one more Cosellism for Mr. Sheed: an inaccurate, personally directed, cheap shot has never made a man a good writer; even worse, it reveals him to be a bad journalist.

HOWARD COSELL
ABC Sports

New York City

MOTHERHOOD

Sirs:

It certainly is about time someone recognized the true heroines of thoroughbred racing, the broodmares (*The Hooves That Rock the Cradle*, March 9). Congratulations are in order for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and its fine selection of dams. I can only regret that space would not permit the inclusion of such successful mares as All Beautiful (Arts and Letters) and Multiflora (Gallium Blossom). We can all regret that the remarkable filly Dark Mirage, now deceased, will never get a chance to pass her greatness on to the next generation, as have these mares.

RUSS FISHER

Valley Stream, N.Y.

APPLECRUSH

Sirs:

It was with grave misgivings that we at the national headquarters of the AAU (Amateur Applecrushing Union) read of SI's recognition of the NCAA (National Crabapple Association of America) in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Feb. 9).

The AAU has long had jurisdiction over applecrushing of every nature (McIntosh, Delicious or crab) as well as all types of mutilations of any of the various fruits and vegetables commonly used in amateur competition. We therefore consider it our duty to caution all amateur applecrushers against this possible encroachment of professionalism and also remind those who wish to maintain their amateur status that participation in competition and/or practice not fully sanctioned by the Amateur Applecrushing Union can and will lead to loss of the privilege to compete as an amateur.

R. K. WIEHELM, President
R. G. BOYD, Executive Chairman
K. P. BUTZ, Ethics Chairman
Cleveland

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